

Catholic Digest

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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THE GOOD, THE TRUE, THE BEAUTIFUL

SEE PAGE 97



Volume 13

AUGUST, 1949

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The policy of The Catholic Digest is to draw upon all Catholic magazines and books, and upon non-Catholic sources as well, when they publish Catholic articles. We are sorry the latter cannot be taken as a general endorsement of everything in the non-Catholic publications. It is rather an encouragement to them to continue using Catholic material. In this we follow the advice of St. Paul: And now, brethren, all that rings true, all that commands reverence, and all that makes for right; all that is pure, all that is lovely, all that is gracious in the telling; virtue and merit, wherever virtue and merit are found—let this be the argument of your thoughts.



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VOL. 13

Catholic Digest



AUGUST, 1949

NO. 10

Brother, can you spare ...

A Dime for God

By FRANK HAMILTON

Condensed from the *National Home Monthly*.*

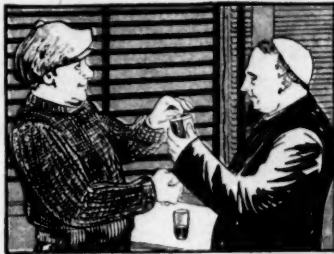
THIS is the story of a successful beggar. He wears the black soutane of the cleric, and for more than 20 years he has begged for dimes in the smoky, smelly taverns of Quebec to feed, clothe, and educate from infancy to manhood thousands of orphaned boys.

He is a familiar sight as he moves from table to table. In one hand he clutches a nickel-plated coin bank, and with the other he doles out religious medals. He pauses to collect donations, to hand out his medals, and talk to the men about their families and their troubles. And if someone hesitates to drop his coin into the bank, *le p'tit Frère* coaxes him

gently, "If you have a dime for beer, you have a dime for God."

Wilfrid Sauvageau was born in 1897, in a crowded third-story flat on twisty, hilly Latourville St. in Quebec City's Uppertown St. Jean Baptiste parish. He started school at nine and served as an altar boy every morning. But at 14, his father died and he had to go to work. He had only five years of schooling.

For the next nine years he worked in the big, sprawling, graystone arsenal on côte du Palais. In his spare time he would go to the Patronage of St. Vincent de Paul, an orphanage and children's shelter on côte d'Abraham, and help distribute bread



*100 Adelaide St., W., Toronto, 1, Ont., Canada. March, 1949.

to the poor at night. His fellow workers soon saw that he was deeply religious. Before reporting for work he attended six o'clock Mass. Some ridiculed him, others began asking him questions. Many of the questions puzzled, others embarrassed the soft-spoken young zealot. Because five years at school had not taught him enough about religion, he took his problem and his comrades' questions to the friendly ears of the priests of the Patronage. The next day, armed with the answers and arguments of the priests, he confronted his questioners. At first they had tried to trap the teen-aged Sauvageau, asking questions just for the sake of poking fun at the religious kid they called the papal acolyte. But soon his zeal impressed them, and they began to question him because they were interested. By the time he was 19, a regular after-work forum was held in the courtyard of the arsenal.

Sauvageau's childhood left him with strong feelings about poverty as well as religion. He did not wish to become rich. But he wished to help the poor. Early in 1920, 22-year-old Wilfrid Sauvageau quit his job. He had decided to enter Religious life and devote his life to charity. He went to the St. Vincent de Paul Patronage to become a priest. But he was doomed to disappointment. He had had only five years' schooling.

For two and a half years Sauvageau studied in the novitiate and swept floors. Then, on Dec. 19, 1922, four days after his 25th birthday, Wilfrid

took his vows and became a Brother of St. Vincent de Paul.

During those first years, he never lost his sense of humor, nor his great devotion to St. Vincent de Paul. He rose at 4:55 every morning; yet most nights found him still kneeling in front of the altar long after the others had gone to bed. Whenever a member of the Community was sick, the little Brother would always bring him a cup of *l'eau benite de St. Vincent de Paul* (holy water of St. Vincent de Paul) and tell him to have faith in the patron saint of the institute. The holy water had helped show Brother Sauvageau his vocation.

He was rarely allowed to leave the Patronage, but one day on a visit to his family he met a man who used to work with him. The man's wife had been ill for several months. Brother Sauvageau told him to come and see him at the Patronage. The man came and left with a small bottle of the specially blessed water. A few days later he was back. His wife, he reported, was well. He handed Brother Sauvageau an envelope. "For your poor boys, *p'tit Frère*," he said. The envelope contained \$1.53.

Brother Sauvageau turned the donation over to the Father Superior. But soon others came to ask Brother Sauvageau for holy water, and nearly everyone left a small donation.

One day the superior told Brother Sauvageau that he was no longer sacristan. From now on he would be a *quêteur*, a beggar. Brother Sauvageau had felt that that was his vocation, but

he had waited for his superior to suggest it.

Brother Sauvageau knew that the Patronage was hard up. Often the priests and Brothers went without their meals so that the children could eat. There was often no coal and most of the children needed new clothes. And winter was due any day.

"Tomorrow," Brother Sauvageau told the superior confidently, "I will not come home until I have collected \$25."

The superior laughed. "That is a lot for your first day, *p'tit Frère*," he said. "Come home with whatever you collect. Don't stay out all night."

"Do not worry, St. Vincent de Paul will help me collect \$25," said the little Brother.

The next day, Oct. 1, 1928, Brother Sauvageau left early, armed with the small nickel-plated bank the superior had given him, and a pocketful of medals blessed with the holy water of St. Vincent de Paul. He did not head for the wealthy nor even the average-income sections of the city, as he was expected to. He went to the poor section of Lowertown Quebec and started knocking on doors. "Madame, I am Frère Sauvageau from the Patronage; have you a dime for God?" he asked.

He did not return for lunch. But at 2 P.M. he knocked on the door of the superior's office.

"Have you quit so early?" the Father Superior asked, surprised.

"I thought you might need the \$25," replied Brother Sauvageau meekly, and he put the bank on the desk and

proceeded to empty his pockets of handfuls of small change. Soon a little mound of quarters, dimes, nickels and cents sat in front of the unbelieving superior.

"How do you know there is \$25 here?" he asked after he had opened the bank and increased the pile of money. "Did you count it?"

"No, but I am sure there must be \$25 there," the Brother replied.

The superior slowly counted the money. There was exactly \$25 on the desk. For a long time the priest said nothing. Then he looked up and saw the Brother still standing. "You had better sit down," he motioned to a chair. "How far have you walked since this morning?"

"About 17 miles."

"Do your feet hurt?"

"Not at all. But my head aches."

"Take off your shoes and show me your feet," the superior commanded.

Brother Sauvageau did as he was told; his feet looked as if he had not walked at all. The superior was dumbfounded; for the last six years the Brother had not walked more than a few blocks. Many years later Frère Sauvageau confided to the superior, "That first morning I prayed to St. Vincent de Paul, 'I know I must walk many miles and I must suffer to collect this \$25, but as I need my feet to beg, could you not make my head ache instead?'" And though, since then, Frère Sauvageau has walked more than 25 miles some days, his feet have never hurt. But he has been afflicted with terrible headaches.

Today, at 51, short (five and a half feet), tubby (155 lbs.), Frère Sauvageau is a living legend in Quebec City. To everyone from the premier to the painted woman in a window on St. Valier St., he is *le p'tit Frère*. He is the friend of all, regardless of color, race, religion or position. And if you ask anyone what they notice especially about Frère Sauvageau, it is not his black robes, worn and frayed at the edges and patched (he gets only two soutanes a year). Nor is it his plain black shoes (four pairs a year), usually battered and in need of repair. It is his infectious smile.

Since he began begging, Brother Sauvageau has collected more and more each year (his peak is over \$75,000). But it has not all been in dimes. There have been many fat checks from wealthy friends.

Soon after he started, Brother Sauvageau allocated his days. He could not visit the poor districts every day. He started visiting business establishments, the arsenals, the City Hall, the Parliament buildings, the factories. His income jumped to well over \$100 a day. One day he collected more than \$500 in amounts of \$5 and less.

The people know this but they know, too, where the money goes. Since he started begging, the work of the Institute of Brothers of St. Vincent de Paul has increased many times over.

Some poor or orphaned boys have gone from the Patronage to college and university to become doctors, lawyers, and engineers. Several members of the Quebec Parliament are former

Patronage boys. Many others have remained to become priests and Brothers. But most "graduates" are modest laborers.

The St. Vincent de Paul Patronage is not the only fruit of the 20 years of labor. Today there are five other Patronages, two in Quebec City (St. Roch, Laval), one across the river (Levis), one in Montreal (LePrévost), and one in St. Hyacinthe, P. Q. (St. Hyacinthe). There is also a permanent summer camp for poor and orphaned boys, L'Oasis Notre Dame on beautiful Lac Simon at Portneuf. In addition there are, in summertime, three playgrounds (at Arvida, Chicoutimi, and St. Bernard de Shawinigan) where every day during vacations some 1,500 boys are brought by their parents (or from near-by orphanages) at 8 A.M. A seventh Patronage (Notre Dame de Roch Amadour) is under construction in Lowertown Quebec.

All this is why Brother Sauvageau is such a happy man, why he always has a smile and a kind word. His teen-aged dream of providing free education, food, clothing and recreation for Quebec's poor children, and eventually, all the underprivileged boys of Canada, is at last coming true. And the dimes that the workingmen and housewives of Quebec plunked into his shiny bank helped bring it about.

The years of begging have not all been smooth sailing. There were times when the money did not flow fast enough to keep up with the institute's plans to spread the work. Often, supplies were short at the St. Vincent de

Paul Patronage, and the children cold and hungry. Once he begged for six days, and then a kindly merchant took pity and rang his friends. Soon coal and food piled up.

When the manager of *La Tour*, Quebec's boxing and wrestling arena, asked him to attend the matches and raffle off watches that would be donated by local jewelers, it was a different proposition. It entailed getting permission, because Catholic Religious are forbidden to attend the boxing and wrestling shows. The Father Provincial obtained the necessary permission from the late Cardinal Villeneuve.

At *La Tour*, Brother Sauvageau was a smash hit. When he entered, the crowd rose and chanted, "*Le p'tit Frère! Le p'tit Frère Sauvageau!*" and scrambled to buy his tickets. The draw took place after the last event. But there were complaints that it was undignified for Brother Sauvageau to attend the matches. When the murmurs were heard by his superiors, he was told that he could no longer visit *La Tour*. The sport fans raised a howl. It was the only chance they had to help *le p'tit Frère* and his poor children, they claimed, and furthermore there was nothing undignified about it. The superiors relented.

The night Brother Sauvageau returned was a gala occasion. When he climbed into the ring to announce his raffle, everyone cheered, and from the little balconies, handfuls of coins showered over the little Brother. Today, Brother Sauvageau goes to the fights and wrestling matches three times a

week (Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday) and every night, after the last event, climbs into the ring to be showered with money.

If there were complaints of "undignified" when Brother Sauvageau started going to *La Tour*, there were horrified shouts when he began begging in the taverns. Shortly after he began, Brother Sauvageau went to his superior and told him that he felt he should beg in the beer halls, where he could reach the workingmen. It was a delicate request. But Cardinal Villeneuve granted Brother Sauvageau special dispensation. The Brother's troubles were just beginning.

At first the drunks mocked him. Once a man taunted him by burning a \$5 bill in front of him.

"My friend," said *le p'tit Frère* with a sad smile, "it is your money. If you wish to burn it you are free to do so. But think of all the poor boys it would have fed." And the little Brother looked him straight in the eyes.

The man's gaze wavered and fell. Blushingly, he fumbled for his wallet and handed it to the brother. "Take what you want," he said.

Brother Sauvageau did not even glance at the bills. From the change on the table in front of the man he selected a 1¢ piece and put it in his bank. "You cannot afford another \$5 in one night," he said.

One night a drunk threw a glass of beer in Brother's face. Immediately the tavern was in an uproar. Enraged men threatened the beer-thrower. Before they could reach him, Brother Sauva-

geau, beer dripping from his hair and chin, jumped in front of his insulter. "Whoever harms him harms me!" he shouted. "He did not know what he was doing." Muttering, the men went back to their tables while Frère Sauvageau shepherded the now sober man out of the door.

Today, the black-robed beggar is welcome in every tavern. When he appears in the door, the customers shout out greetings. "Here he comes," they say. "Here comes *le p'tit Frère*. Get your dimes ready!"

While he collects no fortunes in taverns, Brother Sauvageau likes to beg there because he feels that the men give with the real spirit of charity. And the men there are glad he comes. They like to talk to him for he speaks their own language. He has no holier-than-thou bearing, and he acts like, talks like, and is a worker.

Brother Sauvageau never refuses any donation, but he objected to one butcher's meat.

"Just because this is for poor children," Brother Sauvageau told him, "is no reason why you should give rotten leftovers. If you give something away that you do not want and have no need for, it is not charity. It is garbage disposal. These poor and orphaned children are the children of God. When you give to them you give to Him. Would you serve Him only scraps of rotten meat?" The butcher was so ashamed he sent the Patronage a whole truckload of the best cuts.

At 51, Brother Sauvageau leads a busy life. The loud clanging Commu-

nity bell at 4:50 A.M. starts his day in the chapel. His superiors believe in keeping him humble: from eight to nine he is doorkeeper at the main entrance.

On Sundays he attends to his religious duties, and rests. Occasionally he visits a brother or sister. His mother died last August after living her last years on the meager wages of a scrub-woman. This was the heaviest cross Frère Sauvageau had to bear. Hundreds of dollars went through his hands every day but he could not give his poverty-stricken mother one cent.

Brother Sauvageau begs even on Christmas eve and his birthday (which he doesn't celebrate). He goes out in all weather. When someone comments on the class of people he begs money from, he replies, "Sometimes the dirtiest hands give the cleanest money."

But actually, begging is only half his life. He has just as much work in his tiny office, for there he counsels hundreds who come for advice and help. There, social barriers are let down. There is only one class of people. Rich and poor, clean and dirty, all are united in a common need. Whatever their problem, he tells them to have faith. "All things are possible to those who have faith," he says.

Seven years ago, doctors gave Mrs. Adelaar B. of St. Michel, P. Q., two months to live. She had cancer. She asked to be brought to Frère Sauvageau. She was confident he could obtain a cure for her from St. Vincent de Paul. Brother Sauvageau was impressed by her faith. He gave her 14

bottles of holy water, one for each station of the cross. On the 15th day she was cured. Grudgingly, the doctors gave the Church testimonial letters. They could give no "reasonable explanation" for the disappearance of the cancer.

Alexander C. had been blind for 15 days when he visited Frère Sauvageau. He had lost his sight in an eye operation. Brother Sauvageau told him to bathe his eyes in holy water for 15 days. On the 15th day, the man recovered his sight.

A farmer, the father of a large family, was dying of a brain tumor when he obtained St. Vincent de Paul holy water from Frère Sauvageau and recovered his health.

Louis Morin of St. Lambert, P. Q., was dying of tuberculosis. Both lungs were affected. His physician, Dr. J. Damcure, notified the parish priest that the end was near. Père C. A. Labrecque, the curé, administered Extreme Unction. But the dying man asked a relative to write to Frère Sauvageau. The Brother sent off a bottle of holy water with a note, "Have faith in St. Vincent de Paul." Before the eyes of the unbelieving doctor, the man recovered. X rays showed that both lungs were perfect and no longer bore even a trace of TB.

These things are hard to believe. Yet each case and hundreds more have

been carefully checked and studied. Medical men admit that they did happen but can advance no explanation.

Visitors are under no obligation to leave a donation, but most of them do. One man came to see the Brother with a gangrenous foot, and was cured. He left \$2,000, the largest single donation Frère Sauvageau has received.

Naturally, not all who call on Brother Sauvageau for help get what they want. When people ask him how many "cures" he has worked, he shrugs. "*Secret de Dieu* (secret of God)" he says.

But Brother Sauvageau does not claim that *he* works miracles. "I am only the secretary of St. Vincent de Paul," he likes to say. "If he leaves me, I am finished. The good works are his; the bad are Sauvageau's!"

No one is more surprised at Frère Sauvageau's success as a beggar and a healer than his superiors. Says Father Provincial Père Jacques: "We did not think he could make a priest, so we made him a Brother and put him to sweeping floors. We were the chosen ones, the well-educated leaders. But God in His infinite wisdom saw fit to pass us by—us, the smart ones—and laid His hand upon the shoulder of this humble, poorly educated little Brother and said, 'Go into the street and beg for My poor, heal My sick, and comfort My troubled ones.'"



Two high-school girls were standing in the church vestibule waiting for their grandmother, who was making one of her frequent visits. One turned to the other and asked, "Why does grandma read her prayerbook so much?" "Oh, I guess she's cramming for her finals," was the retort. *Novena Notes* (27 May '49).

Crutches for the emotions



Problem in Pills

Condensed from *Science Illustrated**

THE U. N. Central Opium board called for action on the rapidly increasing consumption of heroin. That was in January. In March, the U. S. Commissioner of Narcotics reported sharply increased seizures of cocaine, heroin, and marijuana. For months the newspapers headlined reports about the abuse of sleeping pills, partly because the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. named them as leading all causes of accidental poisoning and partly because newsworthy figures such as Carole Landis overdosed themselves to death.

All this makes it clear that drug addiction and drug misuse are still with us. The old "dope" stand-bys, opium, morphine, heroin, cocaine, are more world problems than U. S. problems, thanks to the Harrison Narcotics act passed in 1914. The number of addicts has dropped since 1914 from around 200,000 (mostly women) to 50,000 (mostly men). But in five other countries drug consumption (particularly of heroin) is skyrocketing. Finland, Italy, New Zealand, Sweden, and Australia all used enough heroin in recent years to alarm the Opium board. For 1949, Finland requested enough heroin to dose every inhabitant once every three weeks.

In this country things are not that bad. But even so, arrests for narcotics violations jumped from 2,827 in 1947 to 3,895 in 1948. In 1948, 1,044 ounces of illicit heroin were captured, indicating that the underground drug trade is not dead; 24,635 marijuana cigarettes were seized. Drug smuggling took to the air for the first time, too; ten pounds of heroin were found aboard an Air France plane out of Marseilles. Doctors began to leave the M.D. off their license plates because their cars were broken into constantly by "hard cases" looking for dope.

Meanwhile, the booming American business in sleeping pills (U. S. production, 100 tons of pills a year) has introduced its own set of related problems. Originally expected to avoid morphine's habit-forming dangers, the so-called sleeping pills have turned out to be habit-forming in their own right.

Drug addiction depends on three factors. To be very dangerous, a drug must: 1. develop tolerance in persons, so that larger and larger doses are needed to produce an effect; 2. produce a psychological dependence, so that the user wants more of it; 3. produce a physiological dependence, so that stopping the drug produces unpleasant symptoms.

Many relatively harmless drugs develop tolerance; alcohol is a prime example. Almost any drug can, given a person sufficiently unbalanced to start with, produce psychological dependence. Relatively few drugs produce physiological dependence and the "withdrawal symptoms" that go with it. It is this last that makes morphine and its derivatives so much more dangerous than, say, marijuana, of which many people can truthfully say that they "take it or leave it alone."

A man or woman used to morphine needs help badly. Very few persons have the will power to go through the chills, vomiting, and cramps that "kicking the habit" involves, without someone to keep them on the right track. Heroin is even more dangerous; not only is it habit forming, it is a strong poison that builds up in the body with repeated use and can eventually cause death. Because of this, heroin is not used in U. S. medicine. But the substitutes, metapon, demerol, methadon, all have some of the ability of morphine and heroin to overpower human minds and bodies.

Out of medicine's search for something that would induce relaxation without making the sufferer an addict came the "sleeping pills." These are, for the most part, barbiturates, known to most by trade names like Nembutal, Seconal or Luminal. Taken at the right time by the right person they are invaluable for calming restless nerves or relieving insomnia.

Barbiturates don't produce the wild orgiastic elation that heroin does, nor

the freedom from pain and worry that morphine does. And they are far less habit-forming, withdrawal symptoms being mild and rare. But since habit-forming is as much a matter of the pilltaker as it is of the drug, they are habit-forming in some people. Most, if not all, drug addiction is at bottom a problem of psychiatry; and some people's mental balance or lack of it makes them sitting pigeons for sleeping pills.

There the problem starts, and it can end in many ways. For one thing, there is some medical evidence, not much yet, but some, that year-in-year-out use of barbiturates damages your central nervous system. For another, too many pilltakers get numbed into stupidity by a bedtime dose, then reach out automatically for more pills if they are still awake ten minutes later. Coroner's verdict: accidental overdose.

This result is often helped along by alcohol. Something called synergism applies to barbiturates and alcohol. This means that each increases the effect of the other, and put together the two can make an unexpectedly dangerous combination. Too few pilltakers know this, and too few doctors point it out to the patients whose pills they prescribe.

What's to be done about the great problem posed by the painkillers and the sleep inducers? Much is being done right now. On the world front, the U. N. is working toward better control of drug production and consumption. The Opium board has, for

instance, asked Iran, a big opium producer, to provide statistics on production. It hopes to get some of the Iranian opium, now in illicit traffic in many parts of the world, a little better in hand.

In this country, best news for drug addicts is that the synthetic morphine substitute called methadon is proving to be a good "withdrawal" drug. Methadon, given to a morphine addict, satisfies his body's physical craving for the drug, but it creates less dependence. Gradually decreased methadon doses stretched over 10 to 20 days can break his morphine habit with much less physical torture than results from plain morphine withdrawal. There still remains, of course, the problem of removing whatever sort of mental immaturity or instability made him an addict.

The greatest progress has to do with sleeping pills. Item 1. A kind of sedative, trade-named Presidon, has appeared. It seems to be less toxic, less likely to do harm over long periods than the barbiturates. Tests made so far indicate that it does not produce the mental depression or hangover effect that phenobarbital, for example, does, so it may be a pleasanter drug and a safer one.

Item 2. Some doctors (notably Dr. Benjamin L. Yellen of California) have for some time been putting ipe-

cac in the sleeping pills they prescribe. Ipecac is an emetic. A little ipecac does nothing; a lot makes you vomit.

This should protect both the accidental overdoser and the would-be suicide. U. S. Senator Estes Kefauver has announced his intention of putting a bill before the Senate making it illegal to omit ipecac from any sleeping-pill prescription.

Item 3. There is a constantly increasing pressure to list barbiturates with the narcotics, where they probably belong. As things stand today, only 26 states prohibit refills of barbiturate prescriptions; some states are even lax about your having to have a prescription in the first place.

The basic problem is still this. Morphine, or its derivatives or synthetic substitutes, are a medical necessity. The barbiturates are, too; they are used not only for sedation, but also for convulsive disorders such as epilepsy. As long as you have drugs that will relieve mental and physical pain, you will have unadjusted people who overuse them as crutches to help their limping emotional systems through life. With proper controls, with a public adequately informed about the dangers of these drugs, and with the help of persuaders like the ipecac in sleeping pills, it should be possible to stop the drug menace—but it must be done now.



THE man who does not read good books has no advantage over the man who can't read them.

Mark Twain.

Your budget's the limit

I BETCHA

By BARRY FORD



Condensed from the
*Holy Name Journal**

THE LADS who offer "two to one on the field" have no particular patron saint. If the Church does appoint one, St. Alphonsus will probably get the honor. He O.K'd gambling, at least with reservations. Placing a stake by a player on the outcome of some game or contest is legal and lawful, always providing the stake is within the recreation budget of the player.

Probably civilized man's first experience with gambling was through lotteries; which even the Bible regards as a fair means of settling a problem. Among the many episodes involving lotteries, there is God's instructions to Josue, who was the leader of the Jews after Moses died, "to divide the land beyond the Jordan by lots." Our word *lot* is a holdover from that early division of real estate.

First to devise the idea of giving fun to the people and funds to the government were the politicians of early Rome. With lottery returns they drained the Pontine marshes, land-

scaped the Pincio park, marble-plated the stone buildings of the Forum, and erected statues to themselves. Prizes dwarfed even the stupendous jackpots of our radio quiz programs, and included furnished mansions and slaves in lots of ten.

Our American Puritans used lotteries to finance the Virginia Settlement in 1612. From then on, whenever the government needed money for roads, canals, public buildings, harbors, they knew how to find it quickly. Lotteries flourished until the end of the last century, when they became a racket. The U. S. Post Office killed them by denying use of the mails.

William Penn distributed land to the Quakers by lotteries; Benjamin Franklin and John Hancock both gave their blessing to this means of raising funds. When Faneuil Hall, "the Cradle of Liberty," was burned in 1761 and money was scarce, the Restoration Fund lottery paid for repairs.

In 1776 the American Congress instituted a national lottery. By 1820 it had authorized 70 lotteries for public projects, about 85% of which money was returned in prizes. In 1764, the Rev. Samuel Seabury made a public thanksgiving that "the ticket No. 5866 in the Lighthouse and Public lottery of New York drew in my favor, by the blessing of Almighty God, £500 sterling, of which I received £425, there being a deduction of 15%, for which I now record my thanks and praises to Almighty God, the giver of all good gifts."

After the New York grand jury found, in 1833, that \$100 million a year were being spent on lotteries which paid back only \$9 million, they were prohibited in New York. Other states soon followed New York's example.

But gambling is a natural pastime. Because making it illegal interfered too drastically with human liberty, a thriving black market in gambling continued. Prohibition on betting produced the same effect that prohibition on drinking had later. Lots of people who were disinterested in its lawful pursuit became zealous in looking for ways to beat the law.

After the Civil war, when the secretary of the treasury was hard up, an offer of \$40,000 a year by a group of Louisiana men for a lottery franchise looked too good to be refused. The project developed into the Louisiana State lottery, and for 25 years it operated throughout this country with a monthly pay-off of \$2 million.

Everyone held a lottery ticket. Fortunetellers grew rich in tipping on lucky numbers and interpreting dreams; an archbishop issued a statement denouncing the superstition of people who wanted their lottery tickets blessed. From one pulpit the prayers of the congregation were requested "for the success of a person engaged in a new undertaking," before it became known that the "new undertaking" was the investment of a woman's capital in a forthcoming lottery.

But promoters grew too greedy. Abuses and dishonest practices were

suspected. It was observed that when an unsold ticket was drawn the company took the prize money. Unsold tickets came up with a remarkable frequency and a government investigation was demanded.

The proprietors raised their \$40,000 payment to over \$1 million, and to give the project an air of respectability they employed two Civil war generals, Beauregard and Early, to preside at the drawings. But the public knew it had been deceived, and the honeymoon was over.

Gambling doesn't seem a by-product of sanctity, but the saints have always been quick to use any means God gives them to do a job. Many of them were not above gambling on an issue to win souls.

There is a story that Ignatius of Loyola, who didn't play billiards, was challenged to a game by an expert player. He saw an opportunity to get in a little apostolic work.

"Charmed," he said, "and for stakes, shall we play for something more original than a banal sack of money?" The challenger had to agree to that, according to the social code of their time. "If you win, I shall be your servant for a month and subject to whatever you order me to do," Ignatius continued. "On the other hand, if I win, you must take orders from me for a month."

Maybe the rather zany stakes upset the accuracy of the champion's aim, but when Ignatius won the match—so the story goes—the loser was ordered to spend his 30 days of service mak-

ing the *Spiritual Exercises*. That he was converted from an unseemly life is not, we believe, claimed as an Ignatian miracle by the Society of Jesus. They prefer to gloat over their Founding Father's strong faith that could put even a champion behind the eight ball.

England, which now frowns on lotteries to the extent that mail from London addressed to the Irish Sweepstakes office in Dublin is returned, has a weekly gambling bill that looks like the cost of atomic warfare. Offices where bets may be placed openly do a flourishing trade on such bets as that it will rain between seven and nine a week from next Wednesday.

Many years ago Parliament passed a law against certain kinds of bets. A bet on the life of Napoleon was declared void "because it gave one of the parties an interest in keeping the king's enemy alive; but also because it gave the challenger an interest in compassing his death by unlawful means." A bet on the amount of the duty on hops was outlawed as being against public policy because it exposed the condition of the king's revenues to all the world.

Lotteries became an obsession in England almost as soon as Queen Elizabeth introduced them. Finally, Parliament banned all private gambling of this nature, to keep the state tills ringing with a \$100 million annual take. France, too, made lotteries a government monopoly at the instigation of Casanova, who managed the state lotteries for Louis XVI and or-

ganized them as a routine source of government income.

While the French operate a several-billion-franc lottery at Christmas, Easter, and other holiday times, French resort towns like Monte Carlo do not admit native residents to the gaming rooms.

Crapshooting is a game that comes to us blessed by the English Crusaders. They called it *azard* because it was while they were bivouacked in Azard castle that they invented it. Back in England, the inevitable *h* was added, and for many centuries hazard was the most played game in Britain.

Plush gambling spots that pose as private clubs and furnish any game from slot machines to baccarat, take no risks. For them, manufacturers supply various gadgets that insure a win. Dice (\$24 for platinum dots; \$15 for gold) are sold in sets of three different loadings. Experts know how to use them and need not lose if they want to win; one cube is set for an ace turn-up; another brings up the two and six; the third is loaded for two and four. There are lots of other devices offered the trade in a published catalogue.

The worst danger in gambling, so say some, is that its fascination ferrets into the blood until some people will take a chance on any venture, and no issue is too sacred or important to be gambled on.

The story of St. Thomas More's friend, who had gambled so successfully he was convinced his luck was unbeatable and that he could risk any-

thing and come out on top, has a counterpart in every generation.

"I never lose at anything," he would boast in reply to Thomas More's arguments that he ought to stop his dissolute living and make his peace with God.

"What if you would die suddenly and not have time to get a priest?" More used to argue.

"Oh, I can afford to take a chance," the gambler would scoff. "I'm lucky. Anyhow, I have three words on which I am gambling to save me from hell if I should be faced with sudden death and no priest is handy. I'd just say, 'Lord, forgive me,' and I'd be for-

given." He would laugh at Thomas More's reproach that a man cannot flout his sins and gamble on the mercy of God. One day as the two were riding home from Whitehall to Chelsea, their horses were frightened at Battersea bridge. The gambler's horse reared and bolted, and tossed the rider. In the split second before he hit the stone palisade, he had time for three words, but they weren't the right ones.

Thomas More tells of his horror in recognizing the terror in the voice of the gambler, screaming "What the devil . . ." as he pitched through the air onto the parapet of the bridge, and died.



AN IMPRESSIVE young man stood on a platform on a street corner one Sunday evening. His hearers were there because they had no other place to go. It sounded as though all were shouting at once. The young man was trying to tell them about purgatory. He was a speaker for the Catholic Evidence Guild.

Manual for the front line

Open-Air Apostolate in London

By C. M. LARKINS

Condensed from *Integrity**

As we passed by we agreed this kind of thing could do no service to religion. My companion, an old-fashioned Anglican, was outraged. I was all for spreading my own Catholic faith, but did not believe that this was a good way to do it. It seemed to draw only the fury of bigots and the idle interest of young folks looking for a fight.

*346 E. 86th St., New York City, 23. April, 1949.

I am now a speaker for the Guild and I get the same reaction from my friends. "But does it really do any good?" they ask anxiously. Some say that the old man with his rosary does more good, and that argument never really convinces anyone. I would not belittle the Rosary. But when a man stands on a platform in a public place and says his prayers out loud to collect a crowd for instruction, I think he pleases God.

Noisy crowds are not the worst of troubles. Try talking to a crowd that walks by with its nose in the air! Much as I love physical comfort I would as lief wear a hair shirt.

This speaking business does not begin and end with public appearance. About lunch time we have a tendency to search the sky for a cloud likely to turn into a steady downpour. As the afternoon wears on and we rack our brains to prepare a good, interesting, and compelling lecture, we wonder why we do it. We usually have no appetite for tea. After the meeting, though we have sore throats and unquenchable thirsts, someone will almost certainly take us aside for a heart to heart talk about the problem of evil, or birth control. When we get home we lie awake thinking of the magnificent answers we ought to have given. Hair shirts are a lighter form of mortification.

Speaking is the least painful part of the business. Your mind is kept so busy you do not have time to think of your feelings.

We do not, of course, take to street-

corner speaking only for penance. We know that someone has to put the faith across. We cannot get into print, and no one would read us, probably, if we could. We realize that our Lord did not tell the Apostles simply to pray and set a good example, but to teach all nations. Before the people can live they must believe, and before they can believe they must know or at any rate partly understand. They must know what they are doing.

A good example will dispose them to think well of the Church, but it will not necessarily tell them what it is all about. Even in this age of compulsory literacy most persons cannot, do not, or will not, read. They can spell out words, but they can't take in ideas, and that means that literature intended for the masses must be very simple, and leave much out. The people we address are not really simple; they are half-educated and half-sophisticated. They have heard titbits of popularized science and scraps of economics and odds and ends of backstairs history. They have a vague idea that socialism and irreligion stand for progress. They think religion is out of date and in some sinister way linked up with the ruling classes—they heard someone say so—but they get it all at second and third hand. They would not go to lectures organized by enterprising parishes for non-Catholics for fear of being "got at." At the street-corner meeting they hear the faith described clearly and simply and have questions answered in an informal and friendly atmosphere. So we go out and

talk to them. But does it do any good? A convert here and there, perhaps, but does it?

Experienced priests in London tell me that practically all their converts pass through Catholic Evidence Guild meetings at some stage of conversion. Conversion with most people is not a sudden revelation, but a slow breaking down and building up process. Their prejudices are removed one by one, by many apparent accidents: contact with Catholics, books, discussions, and so on. Then some chance remark suddenly brings everything into line.

Platform speakers can't expect a heckler to see the light at the end of a meeting. Indeed, a certain type, though useful for collecting a crowd and breaking the ice, is unlikely ever to see it. This type of person is far too wedded to his prejudices. We do occasionally hear, sometimes years afterwards, of someone received into the Church after listening week after week to speakers; sometimes we hear it because the convert joins the guild himself, but this is rare. We prepare the ground and dig the weeds. The Church in a country which suffered the Reformation has a vast deal of weeding to do before she can hope for flowers and fruit. Most non-Catholics see her through the distorting glasses of almost forgotten prejudices.

Prejudice is less bitter than it was 20 or 30 years ago, and less ill-informed. In the last few years there seems to be a renewed interest in religion, and some admission that the Church has something to offer.

There may be more open irreligion and open immorality, but fewer people now call this progress and enlightenment. The Catholic Evidence Guild by merely existing has helped explode many prejudices, especially the one that the Church shuns the light of day, and will not stand inquiry. People nowadays generally recognize that the Church is not a quaint foreign superstition found in backward countries, but has a reasoned case and is prepared to explain, and reason, and answer questions. Indeed, the trouble taken to get to the bottom of a question is often a pleasant surprise to the inquirer. The people who attend our meetings can see that we are trying to help them. They often form an affection for us.

This sometimes prompts them to offer us chewing gum and good advice afterwards, and to ask about speakers they have not heard recently. The atmosphere is friendly even at an apparently hostile meeting. Three quarters of the crowd never opens its mouth, and often the very hostility of the noisy heckler makes the rest of the crowd sympathetic. Physical violence, which is very rare, has generally increased the guild's popularity.

The communist comes around often, though he has been quieter lately. He is more difficult to answer, but more worth answering than a Protestant, because he belongs to the present or future and not to the past, and must be answered on a deeper level. We also know that large numbers of Catholics (many of them lapsed) come to our meetings and find them most helpful.

What one speaker says is heard not only by the listeners he can see but is often passed on to their friends.

The speakers benefited possibly even more than the crowd. What we put in is more than repaid by what is given. We are, for example, compelled to think and think hard. No shirking of difficult issues. The crowd cures you of that. We also read a great deal that we never would have if left to ourselves. And we pray. It is always stressed that we ought to spend as much time in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament as on the platform, and we have regular afternoons of recollection and regular week-end retreats. We work for the guild in our limited leisure, and its rules are elastic. Obviously we can't forget our normal duties nor neglect our families. But pray we must, however we manage it. If a speaker allows that activity to lapse, he generally becomes discouraged and drops out.

Then there is support from other members. From the moment we join we belong to a large family of brothers and sisters always ready to advise us in reading, to encourage us, or, if necessary, pick holes in us with a complete lack of ceremony. We sometimes disagree, but there usually is a fine corporate spirit. Even when a speaker handles a meeting alone he knows he has the support of others. Seniority, rarely observed, goes by speaking experience rather than by years, brilliance, learning or reputation; and a good hard-working plodder who turns up in every weather, prepares his lectures

well, and goes wherever he is sent is far better thought of than a temperamental genius. Actually most of the exceptional brains keep their temperaments well under control. The majority are not exceptional. We are obscure, ordinary individuals who knew precious little till the other speakers taught us.

Still, our knowledge, pooled, mounts up, and we hold our ideas in common. Anybody can borrow anyone else's and we all do. Not all have to become speakers, and quite a number who come to our lectures and training classes never do; we are glad to have them, for they can pray for our intentions and they are learning to know the faith and to help others know it. No one minds how slow you are to begin with, and of course no one is allowed to speak in public until he has mastered at least one subject.

Confession, the marks of the Church, or papal infallibility are popular subjects with a beginner. He prepares a lecture on his chosen subject and delivers it to the class, which heckles him unmercifully, and if he can get through this ordeal without losing his head or his temper he is tested, thoroughly and severely, by a priest and a "devil's advocate" who do their best to tie him into knots.

If they do not succeed he is allowed to lecture on that subject, with an experienced chairman. After tests on other subjects and when he is over his worst "teething troubles" and has a good general background, he will be allowed to act as chairman himself. He

then goes to more advanced subjects, such as the divinity of our Lord and the existence of God. By this time speaking is in his bones and only doctor's orders will stop him. Speakers have been known to leave the guild for years, and then come back because they cannot help it.

There has always been a high percentage of converts among speakers, because after they have finished explaining what they have done to their friends and families they fall naturally into telling the world about it. But I think there is another reason. They appreciate how completely crazy the faith can look to the uninformed outsider. It looks so crazy and unreasonable that no one would think of looking there for a solution to the world's problems unless someone tells them why they should. It is no use waiting for them to be attracted by good example: they are far more likely to be put off by bad ones. It is slow and discouraging work, like the slow drip of water wearing away stone, and, if we are going to make any impression before the tap is turned off, we shall want a great deal more water dripping a

great deal harder. Not every government permits this type of discussion, and time may be getting short. Every day young Catholics are being lost to the Church, often because they left school too young and forgot what they learned. They are led astray by communists and atheists with false but glib solutions for obvious evils.

To start a guild very little equipment is needed. Since each guild is directly under control of the bishop, his consent is necessary, and a priest should be found as director of studies. A few copies of the *Catholic Evidence Guild Training Outlines*, a few people of either sex and any age who are prepared to take on anything, and a market place, public park, or piece of waste ground for the meeting are the only other requirements. A library and someone who has previous experience of outdoor speaking are useful. All you have to do now is to get your classes started: lectures to study doctrine and "practice nights" to practice lecturing. It is as simple as that. And no crowd I ever met is as bad as the one you are always afraid you are going to meet and never do.



POPE PIUS IX once asked a group of cardinals the following question: "Why does the Church recommend her children to say so often 'Pray for us, O holy Mother of God'?"

Each cardinal tried to think of some theological reason, but no one could reply. Then the Pope, with a smile, replied simply in the words of the usual response: "That we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ."

Our Lady of the Cape (May '49).

The thrill of survival

COBRA

By

JAMES B. REUTER, S.J.

Condensed from the
*Queen's Work**

THIS is the rainy season. It rains from July to December, but for the last nine days we've been having a typhoon, the gray rain driving down in solid sheets, hammering on the roof, washing the windows, beating on the walls, dripping from the ceilings, drumming loud into the tin cans that you put on your floor under the biggest holes, flooding the swamp around the house, driving the snakes in off the marsh. I just went into the showers and there was a cobra in there.

Our shower room has four compartments, each about three and a half feet by four, separated by white tile partitions about six feet high. All the showers have short swinging doors like a saloon. When the drumming of the rain is driving you mad, and you can't eat the fish or the rice, and the silence of the monastery is loud in your ears, and you are weary of being a monk and are longing for the things of the world, then you can go into the show-

ers and barge through those swinging doors as if you were barging into a bar. This is perfectly safe because when you get inside you are not in a bar at all but only in a nice white shower, where you can let the water run on the back of your neck until you feel better, and when you come out you are still a monk in good standing.

Well, today I am heading for the showers with my head down as usual, meditating on my sins, and I clop into the shower room with my wooden *bakia* and push at the swinging door of shower No. 2, which is stuck as usual. These doors are supposed to swing both ways, but they don't. One swings only in and another swings only out and I can never remember which is which, so whenever I try to get into a booth to take a shower the door always sticks. There I am tugging at the swinging door with my head down, and I raise my eyes a little as I put my shoulder to the door, and there, six inches from my nose and looking straight at me, is the cobra.

He was coiled around the top of the white tile partition between the booths, but about a foot and a half of him had slid down the wall toward me. The lowest part of his stomach was below the level of my chin but he had raised his head so that he could look straight into my eyes, man to man. I never saw a cobra before, except in pictures. This was the first one I ever met. He certainly looked like

the devil in the garden, the enemy of all mankind, ugly, venomous, tongue flicking, beady-eyed, looking for a fight. For a second we looked at each other, at a distance of six inches, face to face, eye to eye, nose to nose. He had a white throat. He reacted first. He decided that I was not a friend and drew back suddenly, spreading his hood, swaying. I hadn't noticed that hood before.

At this point I began to feel that maybe I didn't really need a shower and maybe I could wait until another time. I fell away from the snake the way you fall away from the second baseman when you're sliding into second. Then I vanished. I disappeared. I melted away.

The last I saw of the cobra he was framed by the open doorway, still draped over the partition, his hood spread wide, his tongue flicking, waiting for me to come back. I walked down the hall to the minister's room, thinking of how Willy Lawlor used to kid at Woodstock about the composure of superiors. He'd put the tips of his fingers on the table, lean toward you, and say, "Brother, I don't wish to seem to be an alarmist, but I think there's a python wrapped around your neck."

In Jesuit houses the minister is the man in charge of toothpaste, typhoons, and cobras. The minister at Naga really has a rough time. The turnover in ministers is very fast. One of them, Father Jim Hennessey, arrived just before a typhoon whistled in from the sea and tore the roof off the house and

school. It blew out all the partitions between the faculty rooms on the second floor and threw the furniture out into the marsh. Rain poured into the open house, ran in rivers down the stairs, flooded everything. The faculty tried to get out, but the house had twisted on its foundations and locked all the doors. It was Christmas day. They wrapped the Blessed Sacrament in swaddling clothes and laid it in a locker because the chapel was open to the sky, lashed by the wind and rain, and the tabernacle was threatened every minute. Scholastics slept under the dining-room tables. There was no altar left for Mass in the morning; the rector gave Communion in the kitchen. Brother Adriatico waded around cheerfully, serving black coffee, and Father Hennessey really needed it, because he had to rebuild the house.

That's the sort of thing the minister is up against. Father McManus has only been here a week. He has red hair. He has red hair even on his hands. He's a real dry wit, taught me in philosophy, and I like him very much, so I felt a little sorry for him when I knocked on his door and he answered it and I said, "There's a cobra in the showers."

He took it like a veteran. He said, "What, what, what? A cobra, a cobra? Get Gus. Get Gus with his gun."

I went down to the end of the hall where Father Bello was in his room cleaning his rifle. Father Bello is a crack shot who can kneel on the edge of a cliff and pick off an eagle in the air.

Well, Father Bello has been pining away with only small game, so when I tell him about our guest in the showers he says, "A cobra! Oy!" and stops cleaning his rifle and puts a shell in it and runs back into the hall with me. We gather around the doorway to the showers and Father McManus is hopping that the cobra will stick its head up and Father Bello will shoot and break a window and the cobra will duck and put its head up ten minutes later and Father Bello will shoot again and there will go another pane of glass and this will add color to our dull life, but the cobra is nowhere to be seen. Gone.

The houseboys climb around the tops of the partitions warily, armed with long poles and mops and bolos, while all the Fathers gather around the door and Father Bello stands ready with his rifle, but no cobra. Doroteo is in there in the danger zone, risking his life, and this fills me with remorse because two weeks ago when I was minister and 75 pesos were stolen from my drawer, Doroteo was the logical suspect and we made his life miserable and searched all the houseboys, and now there were the houseboys giving their all for the dear old faculty and even if Doroteo did steal the 75 pesos he deserved it because he works six and a half days a week for board and lodging and 20 pesos a month.

No cobra.

It is bad to have a cobra in the showers but even worse to have him wandering around your house when you don't know where he is, because cobras

like nice warm dry spots and he might go to bed with you. I begin to wonder what I will do if he goes to bed with me and I ask the crowd around the open door, "What do you do if a cobra bites you?"

Eduardo, our quietest and most efficient houseboy, stops climbing around the partitions, looks down and says, "I had a cousin who was struck by a cobra."

"What did he do?"

"He died in ten minutes."

The search goes on for some time but during all this while nobody feels that he just has to take a shower. In fact, Vinnie Towers feels that maybe he will not have to take a shower for the next six months and will be able to do all the washing he has to do in his own little room in the sink.

The logical place for the cobra to be is in a chink between the walls close to the spot where I saw him, but the boys have looked there many times. As they are about to abandon the search and Father Bello has already gone back to work, Erminio pulls back the masonite for the last time, flashes the searchlight in there, and the light gleams on the white throat of the cobra. He is a logical thing and is right where he ought to be.

Erminio yells and runs out the door and Eduardo flees to the kitchen for a bigger bolo because the snake looks to be as thick as your arm, but good old Doroteo advances into the showers and begins to earn his board and lodging and 20-a-month by holding the snake down with the broad wooden

end of his mop and hacking at it with his bolo.

Doroteo is very determined about this, because he has to mop those showers every morning and he cannot mop the showers if there are live snakes living in there. The cobra looks wicked enough, squirming and fighting and twisting, but he cannot get into position to strike. At last Doroteo carries the snake out on the end of his bolo, still lashing its tail but with its head half severed.

Question: Where is its mate?

That's the beautiful thing about living in the tropics. We live dangerously. There is color in our life, romance, drama. When a priest in the States takes a shower, what does he have? A clean sense of well-being from the soap and water. When we come running out of our showers, what do we have? A real sense of exultation, a dancing joy, the thrill of survival!

During the next six months I think I might take my showers, like Vinnie Towers, in the sink. I'm really not very dirty.

Work can be fun

Let Daughter Do It

By HELEN L. RENSHAW

Condensed from the *Family Digest**

"'M just a servant in this house," stormed Jane, giving my best pillow a violent kick.

"Jane!" I said sharply. "You and your friends made this mess. I expect you to clean it up."

Jane shrugged and sighed deeply as she set about her task.

All next day the "servant" idea spun round in my head. Where did the child pick up such a ridiculous notion? I



was indignant. After all, wasn't it I who slaved day in and day out: who cleaned, cooked, sewed, made a pleas-

ant home for my family? Except for a little picking up, Jane's time was kept free for school and music and dancing lessons. It was just too much to hope that Jane would enjoy folding papers and hanging up garments, but I was certainly right in insisting that

*Huntington, Ind. June, 1949.

she do these little things to help out.

Then I wondered, where is the dear parent-daughter relationship that I read so much about? Despairing, I thought back to see if I could just possibly be wrong somewhere. As I went over the previous days I recalled that Jane had come to me in the kitchen one afternoon.

"Could I bake a pie, mother?" she had asked.

I'd smiled kindly. "There isn't time now, dear. You pick up the sewing room instead."

I remembered too one Sunday morning when Jane had suggested waffles. "I can't have a clutter in the kitchen now, dear. You set the table." And I'd seen her eagerness vanish.

Something else flicked my memory. Rows of soggy little mud cakes in Jane's play yard not many years back; her painful efforts to cut a doll dress. With those efforts she associated fun. Guiltily I recalled that only last week Jane had bought goods for a blouse. I had cut it to prevent mistakes and undue clutter. I had been annoyed because instead of appearing pleased by my help, Jane had seemed a little disappointed.

Gradually a glimmer of light shone upon my problem. Because I was more skilled, quicker and neater, I was keeping Jane from the household tasks that seemed to her more fun. She felt I pushed her into the "menial" tasks. Grudgingly I had to admit that she could be right.

Like most other mothers, I had not intended to keep my daughter from

the knowledge of simple household arts. But Jane's kitchen experience now was centered around the dinner dishes or licking the frosting bowl. Right then I decided not to depend on a home-economics class to introduce Jane to the more pleasant arts of homemaking.

Certainly a youngster's excursion into the kitchen is a threat to its spic-and-span orderliness. It takes courage to disregard a blob of dough dropped into the utensil drawer or a rapidly spreading puddle of spilled milk. But when I heard Jane sigh with pleasure, "Say! That's a mean waffle I stirred up," I found my heart joined hers in exultation.

You can get so engrossed in the young cook's accomplishment that annoyances change like magic into comedy. I found that rolled cookies can assume really weird shapes, and sunken cupcakes can be converted into puddings beneath a hastily concocted lemon sauce. Still, she had surprisingly few failures. I remembered not to let her try things that would surely fail and discourage her.

Perhaps it may go something like this in your home, as it did in ours. You have a meal to get, a well-balanced, economical meal. You can't just say, "What shall we have for dinner tonight, Jane?" But an idea for dessert would be welcome.

Dessert? Jane loves dessert. "Mother, can't I make a ginger bread?"

Then your eyes flick toward the clock, and you do a bit of rapid calculation. Just time, if you were doing

it. But if Jane makes it you'll have to allow another 15 minutes—oh, 20 minutes longer. Jane will study her recipe with deepest concentration, her fingers will fumble the flour, and she measures each ingredient with a painful degree of accuracy. There will be the cleaning-up time—oh dear!

Then Jane's eyes shine up at you. "Please, mother. Please!"

So of course you answer weakly, "That will be very nice, dear."

Now is your cue to let loose. Unless daughter actually asks for aid, allow her a little freedom. Meet father at the door and show him the snapdragons you set out; encourage him to relax just a few extra minutes. And then, at the finish of the roast and potatoes, daughter slips mysteriously from her chair. After an uncertain wait while you speculate whether the cake has slipped onto a plate or the floor, she reappears triumphantly.

"Oh, boy!" says father, taking his cue from mother and smacking his lips.

Walter's eyes pop. "Say! That's really something," he croaks in his uncertain voice.

And Jane? Well, Jane just sits on the edge of her chair and looks anxious. She holds a suspended knife, waiting to go into action when her family begs for seconds.

Right then you decide that there is such a thing as placing the value of

a clean kitchen too high. At this particular moment you are willing to admit that, with the exception of a few vital spots, tubs, refrigerator, sinks, the house has no need for hospital sterilization. What if it is the day to clean the upstairs? On second thought, watching Jane lay out a jumper pattern may be of more importance to the family serenity. In spite of what the whole world thinks, a trivial matter like Jane mastering a neatly sewn buttonhole may be the No. 1 issue of that day.

I didn't go to extremes. I worked out a compromise. There are days and hours when Jane and Walter and father are away. Then I step briskly into my routine harness. If I and my child get an extracurricular urge after the routine work is caught up, we indulge it. If a guilt complex sneaks in, I can point back over my shoulder to a routine Thursday and Friday.

I've learned not to take myself or my housekeeping too seriously. Just now when I peeked into the kitchen where Jane was preparing an entire evening's menu, I had to grit my teeth and remember to retire quietly. Still, when Jane shrieks out, "Dinner's on!" without a doubt my heart will leap with pride. My eyes will deny any knowledge of the desecrated kitchen Jane has most certainly left behind her.



"OH, BOY!" cried the Russian genius reading the American mail-order catalogue. "Look at all these wonderful things to invent." *Quote (1-7 May, '49).*

Medical Mission Sisters:

A New Pattern

By SISTER M. CHRISTINE, S.C.M.M.

A SCOTTISH woman doctor, a Dutch Mill Hill priest, a French schoolteacher, a young woman of the Tyrol, and a Holy Cross priest from Notre Dame—how could providence weave any pattern from such a tangle of threads? In a short space of time, within the limits of the 20th century, it did just that. The result was a new Community of Sisters in the Church, the Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries, popularly known as Medical Mission Sisters. They are identified by gray habits and blue veils.

Some of the Sisters are doctors, some nurses, some pharmacists or technicians. Others are social workers. The corporal works of mercy have been practiced in the Church down the ages, and many Sisterhoods are dedicated to the care of the sick, but it was not until 1936 that Church law allowed Sisters to practice surgery and obstetrics. It was only a century ago that Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell began the struggle to obtain recognition for women doctors in the U. S.

The work of Protestant missionaries



had shown how much good women doctors could do, particularly in mission countries where women are strictly secluded. They could not only relieve pain and sickness, but also spread the Kingdom of Christ. Rome, after giving permission in 1936 for Sisters to study and practice medicine in its full scope, urged

that new Communities be founded to take up health work in the missions.

The story of the Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries begins with Dr. Agnes McLaren, a convert to the Catholic faith from Scottish Presbyterianism. At the age of 72 she traveled to India to see with her own eyes the medical neglect of the women there as reported to her by Msgr. Dominic Wagner, Prefect Apostolic of Kashmir and Kafiristan. She found his stories were all too true. The Indian women, especially the Mohammedans, were kept apart, even when sick. They were denied the help of a man doctor during childbirth, and had only untrained women attendants. The unrelieved and unnecessary suffering among them was tremendous. The Protestant

missions were sending women doctors to their hospitals. Dr. McLaren asked how many Catholic women doctors were in India. The answer was "None." She saw that the true need was for a Community of Sisters professionally trained in all branches of medicine to conduct special hospitals for the women of India. But at that time the law of the Church forbade Sisters to assist at obstetrical cases.

First, Dr. McLaren, with the help of Monsignor Wagner and a Medical Mission committee in London, founded St. Catherine's hospital for women and children in Rawalpindi, North India. Then she searched among the Religious Communities of Europe for a Sister-doctor to take charge. One mother general was willing to let a young Sister study medicine, if Rome would permit it. Dr. McLaren made five trips to Rome to get the permission. She knew it would come—mission bishops the world over were on her side—but it would take time. She sought with no success a lay woman doctor to take charge of the hospital but did learn, from a schoolteacher in France, of a young girl willing to study medicine for the missions. This was Miss Anna Dengel, an Austrian.

Correspondence between Miss Dengel and Dr. McLaren was in French, since neither knew the mother tongue of the other. Dr. McLaren suggested that Anna learn English and study medicine at Cork, because a degree recognized by Great Britain was necessary for India. Sir Bertram Windle, then president of the University of

Cork, was most sympathetic with the plan, and promised his help.

Dr. McLaren died before Miss Dengel met her. But a Bostonian living in England, Miss Pauline Willis, had offered a scholarship for the project. As secretary of the London Medical Mission committee, she assured Miss Dengel that Doctor McLaren's death did not change the plans.

After graduation, Dr. Dengel sailed for India, and spent four years at St. Catherine's hospital in Rawalpindi. Experience soon proved that the job was too big for one woman: a whole legion of Samaritans was needed. The work was difficult, the missions too lonely to expect many lay doctors to isolate themselves professionally and socially. Nurses, pharmacists, technicians, and others were also needed, for a doctor is handicapped without skilled assistants.

Dr. Dengel determined to make Catholics aware of the great unrelieved suffering she had seen in India. She thought of America as the most likely to respond. From her four years' missionary experience in India, Dr. Dengel could give the Americans endless examples of the unrelieved but preventable suffering among the women and children. In her turn, Dr. Dengel learned much about Americans, American Catholics, and American generosity.

While publicizing the work of St. Catherine's, Dr. Dengel met Father Michael A. Mathis, C.S.C. Father Mathis had recently visited Holy Cross missionaries in India, and had seen in

Bengal what Dr. Dengel had seen in the Punjab, the great medical neglect of women: the great opportunities for charity and for the spread of the Gospel. He had even tried sending lay nurses to India, but isolation and hardships had proved too much for them. Both realized that, at least under present conditions, women could best do medical work in the missions as members of a Religious Community, to insure stability, devotion and economy, as Dr. McLaren had expressed it. With his help, and the permission of the late Archbishop Michael J. Curley, of Baltimore-Washington, Dr. Dengel planned the Community, which would combine the practice of the evangelical counsels with professional medical work in the missions. The Sisters would be dedicated to our Lady under the title of Cause of Our Joy, because through Christian charity they would bring true joy to the secluded women of the pagan Orient.

Then another one of those priceless scenes from the family album presents itself. It is late at night in Chicago. The waiters at an unpretentious restaurant are fidgeting. It is past time for the restaurant to close. All the guests have left, except two. All the chairs are on the tables, except two. The floor is swept, except in the spot where one table is standing. The headwaiter is a gentleman, and he hesitates to tell two ladies that they must leave. They are deep in conversation. After a series of imperative coughs from him, the two look up, and with blushes and apologies, gather up their

belongings, and depart. The women were Dr. Anna Dengel, and Dr. Joanna Lyons, her first companion for the "holy adventure." Dr. Dengel and her recruit made plans for the proposed foundation. Later two other young women joined the enterprise, Marie Agnes Ulbrich, a nurse from Luxembourg, Iowa, and Evelyn Flieger, a nurse from Brooklyn.

The date set for the formal opening of the house was Sept. 30, 1925. Clergy, friends, and benefactors came in the morning for the ceremony. After they left, the new Community sat down to its first meal. The four had no chairs. They sat on their suitcases and munched sandwiches. They stared at their only possessions, a statue of St. Joseph, and an old broom. One of them commented, "I wonder why we have that broom."

But through the thoughtfulness of friends, the house was furnished. New recruits joined the original four; new benefactors shared in the work. The Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries, a Religious Community dedicated to this new apostolate of enlisting medicine in the service of the missions, was a going reality.

A year later, on Sept. 4, 1926, Dr. Lyons set out for the missions. She was to take charge of St. Catherine's and at the same time supervise the building of the Society's first hospital. Dr. McLaren's dream was taking shape. The tangled threads of so many diverse lives were being webbed into a pattern.

Despite difficulties, the hospital was

completed in 1928. Cardinal Mooney, then Apostolic Delegate to India, blessed the building, and the Sisters took up residence. Soon Mohammedan women, barred from medical care by men doctors, flocked to the dispensary. Throwing back their burkahs (garments with two peepholes in front of the eyes) they confided all their ills to the Sister-doctor. It was like a demonstration of all the diseases in a medical dictionary.

The illiterate village women were curious. Why did the doctor *memsahib* leave her own country to come to India? Whose image was it that she wore on a chain around her neck? Did the Christians also honor the Bibi Miriam? (Mohammedans know and honor our Lady under the name of Miriam.) At last, the Gospel was able to penetrate into the world of Mohammedan women.

Mission bishops of the world, especially in the East, began to plead for medical missionaries for their dioceses. As circumstances permitted, the Medical Mission Sisters went to new missions. They undertook maternity and child-welfare work in Dacca, and a year later, the supervision of the nursing and a training-school in a big government hospital. A hospital was set up in 1939 in the old Cathedral of Patna, India. In Holland a house for European candidates was opened in the same year. After the war, the Dutch Medical Missionaries were ready for their first mission, the maternity work of the Stella Maris hospital in Makassar, Celebes. A hospital

in a jungle was blessed in March, 1947, at Mandar, India. Holy Family hospital, Karachi, Pakistan, opened in 1948. The first center in Africa began in 1948. The newest mission is Holy Family hospital, Mymensingh, Bengal. During the war, when the Sisters were unable to travel to the East, the Medical Mission Sisters took up work closer to home, in the Catholic Maternity Institute, Santa Fe, N. Mex., in 1943, and in the Catholic Colored Clinic, Atlanta, Ga., in 1944. In 1947, more than 119,000 patients were treated by the Sisters in their hospitals.

The work of the motherhouse and novitiate had to grow along with the work in the missions. New members must be formed to the Religious and missionary life, students must be prepared for professional duties. The needs of the missions must be made known to Catholics. Sisters engaged in secretarial, promotional, and necessary household tasks make their motherhouse a beehive of activity. One house after another was successively outgrown in Washington, D. C. In 1939, headquarters were moved to a 68-acre farm on the outskirts of Philadelphia, 8400 Pine road.

On the 23rd anniversary of that first meal in the first refectory of the Medical Mission Sisters, the scene had changed. Instead of four, there were about 100 professed Sisters and novices. Tables and chairs took the place of suitcases. At work and prayer, the Sisters are joined in spirit with 130 other Medical Mission Sisters throughout the world.

Don't read on a fast day

Gentlemen, Come Into the Kitchen!

By HARRY BOTSFORD



A GROUP of men were arguing in the lounge of a prominent New York club. They were my friends, so I joined them. The president of a nationally known publishing company was shaking a finger under the nose of a corporation lawyer. His face was red, and there was indignation in his voice.

"A barbeque sauce without chili powder is downright sissy!" he snorted. "Down in Texas, where I come from, we'd run a cook off the premises if he made a sauce without it."

The attorney took up the rebuttal in calm, measured tones. "Chili destroys flavor," he declared. "A true barbeque sauce is delicately flavored, designed to enhance the meat flavor, not to hide nor distort it."

The participants felt deeply on the subject. I added a little fuel to the fire by a casual query. "And how," I asked, "do you gentlemen feel about the use of garlic in a really prime barbeque sauce?" Then the argument flamed.

Twenty years ago a group of business men discussing cookery would have provoked jeers. Today, it's different. Thousands of men lay claim to

being capable amateur chefs. Most of them can prove it, too.

Fussing in the family kitchen no longer labels a man a sissy. When the man of the house starts to rattle the pots and pans, the whole family cheers.

Most of these part-time cooks are proud of what they produce. Some of them started experimenting when they got a new outdoor grill. Several started on hunting and fishing trips. Many of them were forced into it by a wife's illness, the presence of a number of hungry children, and an absence of domestic help. All of them have discovered that cookery isn't difficult. Once the male amateur produces something that commands the praise of the family, there's no holding him.

Most amateurs, I find, specialize in doing a few dishes superlatively. That's the normal ego of the male, I suspect. Successful men are usually the best cooks. They have made a practice of doing all things well in their business or profession. When they move into the kitchen, that habit dominates everything they do.

A man seldom follows standard recipes. He is given to cautious experimenting, trying to improve everything

a little bit, willing to be slightly reckless in his passion to do something original, or to produce a dish that has outstanding virtue.

Take pork chops and sour cherries, for example, a combination that usually causes horror. It's a delicious masculine invention, born in the fertile mind of an artist friend.

Four thick loin pork chops are salted and peppered, browned in their own fat in a heavy, very hot skillet. Next, my friend places one cup of raw rice in the bottom of a greased casserole and pours over it the entire contents of a No. 2 can of sour red cherries. Over this is sprinkled a tablespoon of brown sugar, the grated peel of half a lemon, and a pinch of cinnamon. The browned pork chops are neatly arranged on this base; the casserole is covered and placed in a 350° oven for an hour. When the hour is up, the cover is removed and the casserole is left in the oven for another 15 minutes. This serves four hungry people.

Appropriate with the pork chops are fried squares of mush, tiny potatoes, boiled, drained, and tossed in butter and chopped parsley, and a field salad with a garlicky French dressing—fruit for dessert.

Cheers for the cook are the major profits for the amateurs. As a chef in good standing, I know that.

While the ingredients of a barbeque sauce arouse endless arguments, I have found that all persons will invariably eat a barbequed dish, especially if it is prepared on an outdoor grill. I prefer my own special sauce, made exclusive-

ly for judicious use with spareribs.

- ½ cup cider vinegar
- ¼ teaspoon Tabasco sauce
- ½ cup catsup
- ¼ teaspoon pepper
- 2 sliced onions
- 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce
- 1½ tablespoons brown sugar
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 minced clove of garlic
- 1 lemon, sliced, unpeeled

I bring the ingredients to a slow boil, turn down the heat and let the sauce simmer 15 minutes. If you're going to cook the spareribs on an outdoor grill, have the butcher give them to you in large pieces. They are easier to handle, and can be carved as served. Sear on both sides, and dribble the barbeque sauce on them as they cook. The aroma will generate an appetite.

If you're going to do the job in the kitchen, have the ribs cut in serving pieces. Sear in a heavy frying pan and place on a bed of sliced onions in a shallow baking dish. Spoon the sauce on the ribs from time to time as they crackle in a medium (350°) oven. Turn the pieces frequently, and they should be ready to serve in about an hour. Gravy is made by adding sour cream to the sauce in the baking dish after the meat is removed, stirring over a low heat until the mixture is thick and creamy, bursting with assorted calories and vitamins.

With barbequed spareribs, guests seem to enjoy certain oddments: mashed potatoes, a tart cabbage salad, tender green beans. I'm not a good dessert cook, so I find that a lime ice is a nice finale.

One seldom finds anything new in

the way of potato dishes. A friend who happens to be a radio executive with a distinct flair for unusual cookery brooded over this situation. He came up with a glorious dish which, for no good reason, he calls Potatoes *a la Fink*. They are good.

He boils potatoes in sufficient quantity to feed his crowd. When they are done he puts them through a ricer into a heavily buttered, very large and shallow casserole. In the meantime, he has fried onions, plenty of them, in butter. He's not an economical cook, for he is accustomed to creating productions both on the air and in the kitchen. The onions, fried rather crisply, are spooned over the potatoes and more melted butter is added. The casserole is then slid into a hot oven where the potatoes and onions become a semi-crisp mixture that melts in your mouth. They have a special merit when served with a broiled steak; but they are most appropriate when they join a broiled mutton chop.

Many amateur chefs devote attention to common dishes, but do something to them that makes them wholly distinctive. Even the lowly hamburger is something out of this world when the amateur puts his talents to work. Best hamburger I ever tasted was in a Park Ave. penthouse, where it was prepared by the head of a chemical company.

He wisely insists that his hamburger be composed of good parts of beef, one-quarter of not too lean pork. To one pound of this mixture, he adds two beaten eggs, three heaping tablespoons

of sauteed onions, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon prepared mustard, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 3 tablespoons of heavy sour cream. The mixture is further enhanced by salt and pepper to taste and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of celery seed, as it is mixed and blended with a fork. He is a good showman, likes to prepare this dish in the presence of his guests. He molds the mixture into tennis-ball size, holds each unit a couple of feet above the table, lets it drop. It flattens enough for frying, which is done in butter. He serves the hamburger on large rolls that have been split, toasted, and rubbed with half of a cut, juicy onion, and then generously buttered. Never have you tasted a better, more toothsome sandwich. With the sandwiches my friend serves a tray bearing assorted prepared mustards, a pitcher of homemade catsup, thin slices of Bermuda onion, assorted pickles and relishes, from which the customers help themselves. Cold ale or steaming hot coffee—take your choice!

I know a surgeon in New York City who is prouder of his *gulyas* than of his most famous operations. He resents the thought that it should be called goulash. The average housewife, a slave to the standard cook book, believes that you can't brew a decent stew without water. This surgeon proves it can be done. The result is so good that even the hardened epicure enjoys every bite.

He uses one pound of shoulder of beef, cut in 3-inch squares, per person. It sounds liberal, but there won't be much left at the end of the meal. He

places a heavy iron pot on high heat for five minutes and then into it goes one tablespoon of vegetable fat per pound of meat. In the meantime, the meat has been dredged in seasoned flour and it goes into the pot with two chopped onions to each pound. The ingredients are stirred and browned delicately and quickly. The pot is then removed from the fire, and one heaping teaspoon of the best Hungarian paprika to each pound of meat is stirred under. The meat is seasoned lightly; paprika is not a spice but a ground vegetable possessed of a delicate flavor that can be destroyed by condiments used to excess.

Before the pot is returned to the fire, he adds one sliced green pepper and one sliced tomato for each pound of meat. The pot is now covered and placed over a low fire. No water, if you please! For the first half-hour of gentle cooking the contents are stirred from time to time, to prevent burning. About the end of this time, the meat and vegetable juices start to rise

to the top. When the meat is tender, he thickens the liquid concentrate lightly, and the dish is ready to serve. The meat is tender and graced with an exotic flavor; the gravy is a dream. Poured over crusty baking-powder biscuits, fresh from the oven, it fulfills its destiny in a most outstanding manner.

This is an economy dish, too, a virtue in masculine kitchen endeavors. Beets in a thin mustard sauce, lima beans cooked in cream, an endive and watercress salad in a tart French dressing—there is a meal fit for royalty. For dessert, I prefer a tray of assorted cheese and toasted water crackers.

As an amateur cook, I'm happy to see the ranks increase from year to year. It's a grand and harmless hobby, one that will develop prestige of the male. It's not expensive, involves no new or costly equipment, no serious amount of physical effort. It is a hobby that can be pursued in all seasons, in all extremes of weather. Besides, it's a lot of fun. Gentlemen, come into the kitchen!



THE Soviet government recently sent special emissaries to all White Russian (anti-Soviet) refugee colonies throughout western Europe. "Be sure to tell them," Stalin said, "that we know all true Russians wish to die in their native land, and we would like to see them take their place among us."

The emissaries, loaded with gifts of caviar and vodka, departed. After several weeks they returned to Moscow without a single czarist Russian, reporting this reply to Stalin's offer, "They all say their greatest wish is to die in Russia—but not right away."

NANA.

Those holes in your head

If you have Sinus Trouble

By O. A. BATTISTA



ELEANOR SULLIVAN could tell you how modern medicine is coming to the aid of an estimated 30 million American sinus sufferers. Hers was one of thousands of cases of sinusitis which has responded beautifully to treatment by the wonder drug penicillin.

Miss Sullivan was a private secretary. She was an exceptionally good one, according to her boss, except when her head got stuffed up, and sharp pains gripped her face. Eventually, recurring attacks drove her to a Philadelphia nose and throat specialist. Fortunately for her, this doctor isolated and identified some of the bacteria which had entrenched themselves in her nasal sinuses, the bony dugouts in the skull around the nose. They proved to be a type which responds to penicillin treatment.

Miss Sullivan's doctor gave her large doses of penicillin, inhaled twice a day as a fine mist. Within a week, Eleanor noticed and showed the difference. Freed from pain, she got back into her stride as a top-flight secretary. Her employer spotted the improvement in her disposition and efficiency. Another victory was chalked up for the versatile germ killer.

Penicillin-mist therapy is without a doubt the most direct and successful weapon physicians use for attacking most sinus conditions. It is no magic cure-all for sinusitis. In some instances, it is quite useless. But proper diagnosis often reveals contributing factors that should be treated simultaneously. Then penicillin mist does big things for victims of the germs responsible for many forms of sinus trouble.

Until recently, treatments for sinusitis were about as successful as the numerous prescriptions for combating colds: they relieved some of the attendant discomforts but did not destroy the cause. Techniques included the use of moist heat, decompression chambers, diathermy, periodic drainage, sedatives, and extremely drastic surgery in advanced cases.

Then penicillin mist came to the rescue. Concentrated solutions of the remarkable drug were atomized by high-pressure oxygen gas, and the vaporized penicillin solution was inhaled directly into the innermost channels of the sinuses. There it would overpower and chase out the damaging bacteria.

Sinus troubles have afflicted man for tens of centuries. The architecture of the skull about the nose and eyes makes infection relatively easy to get, and anything but easy to lose.

Lying directly above the eyes are the so-called frontal sinuses. Other cavities are beneath the eyes on each side of the nose and between the nose and the inner parts of the eyes. Far behind the nose, and almost at the base of the skull, are the hard-to-get-at sphenoid sinuses.

The sinus cavities, even though they may harbor many infectious germs, are necessary for many vital reasons. For one thing, without them the human anatomy would be very topheavy. Our necks would have to be about double their normal size to support a skull without air cavities. Then, too, the sinus air-pockets make possible our resonating human voices. They are safety traps for foreign matter, and do a good job of warming up inhaled air before it is sent to the lungs.

Sinusitis, or inflammation of one or more of the cheekbone cavities, is so common an affliction that it is frequently blamed for more than its share of human misery. Then, too, the country is full of lay specialists who have their own pet ideas on how to get rid of a sinus condition.

For example, a beautician convinced a neighbor of ours that the pain she complained about high up in her cheekbone was due to sinusitis. The neighbor followed her beautician's well-meant advice, and atomized a proprietary preparation into her sinus-

es. Then she tried hot applications, aspirins galore, and finally, in utter desperation, her doctor. When she learned that all her pain came from an infected wisdom tooth, a beautician lost a customer through nobody's fault but the customer's. Any recurring pain in the head is ample cause to consult a physician, not a beautician, barber, nor shoe-shine boy.

The most important thing in the treatment of sinusitis is for the doctor to make certain that the reported symptoms come from a sinus inflammation and not from other minor conditions which can give rise to similar aches and pains.

Frequently, a sinusitis specialist must give the patient a thorough check-up, X-ray the skull cavities, and perform a series of clinical tests before he can establish exactly where the sinus infection lies, and how severe the condition has become. Only with such information can an effective treatment be recommended and carried out. Usually this is begun by irrigating the infected and blocked cavities. Then aerosol-penicillin and one of the sulfas are forced into the most remote areas. At the same time, infected teeth, improper diet, anemia or any other unhealthy circumstances are corrected.

Latest research confirms long held suspicions that sinusitis and allergies go hand in glove in a large percentage of cases. Hay-fever victims with their constant sneezing, nose-blowing, and blocked nostrils naturally fill the sinus cavities with mucous in which bacteria are most likely to thrive. In addition

to pollen, specific foodstuffs and certain cosmetics are known to inflame the passages into the sinuses. Before treatment of a sinus infection can be effective, the aggravating allergies must be cleared up or substantially alleviated.

Most frequently, victims of sinusitis take their painful headaches out on the geography and the climate. "If I could find a job in a dry climate," you'll hear them say, "I could clear up this head of mine for good."

Medical science's answer to the climate cure for sinusitis is not only conservative, it is disappointing. Physical well-being and specific germ-fighting drugs are what kill infections, not climate. Climate can play a part only in

so far as it may or may not help you to better health.

Statistics show that the old bogey of "damp climate" as the precursor of sinusitis is largely misblamed. Essentially, infection is an individual matter and problem. I know of two cases where persons moved with the sole idea of curing their sinusitis, and each of their costly moves was in vain.

The cure for sinusitis is available but it is not likely to be found in a package behind the counter of the corner drugstore. Rather, it lies in the hands of a competent physician who can apply safe methods of nasal irrigation, and call upon the latest and best drugs to clean the bugs out of the most important holes in your head.

Flights of Fancy

A smile thirty years his junior.

Sax Rohmer

He withdrew into his book and
pulled a paragraph over his head.

Richard Lockridge

Some people have no respect for
old age, unless it is bottled.

Priest Magazine

The falling rain slanted like an
old schoolmaster's penmanship.

Gene Fowler

The crushing finality of a bull-
dozer in a field of buttercups.

Stewart Robertson

The boat tugged at its anchor
rope like a robin at a worm.

Front Page Detective

Soft as a handful of raspberries.

Anne Douglas Sedgewick

The conversation fainted again
and again.

Anne Parrish

A forest praying in the breeze.

Sam M. Lewis

Her voice cut the air into ice
cubes.

Helene M. Sliter

A bookworm mousing about.

Aguecheek

[Readers are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$2 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. We are sorry it is impossible for us to acknowledge or return contributions.—Ed.]

Sample satisfactory

The DP's Are Making Good

By MARTIN S. HAYDEN

Condensed from an NANA dispatch*

ABOUT 30,000 refugees from Hitler's persecution and Stalin's iron curtain have settled in America, but the first "bad DP" has yet to get off the boat. That is the record of nearly a year's operation of the 20th-century version of America, the refuge for the persecuted.

Case records of the Displaced Persons commission show DP's in the U. S. engaged as doctors, horse trainers, store clerks, farmers, and domestic servants; as weavers and winders in the textile industry; as saddle makers, stonecutters, and in a variety of other jobs. "And," emphasized Commission Chairman Ugo Carusi, "we haven't had to send a single one home."

Commissioner Harry N. Rosenfield added, "Now we can relax. In the beginning, one bad DP would have hurt their case considerably, but now we have piled up enough good evidence to stand the occasional setbacks which human nature and the law of averages make inevitable."

The Displaced Persons commission is an oddity among Washington agencies; it is the only one which has no public-relations section. "We don't

need a publicity man," Rosenfield explained. "The DP's are doing the job for us. The best promotion agents for the folks left back in Europe are the ones who have already gotten here. It is invariably true that, immediately after a group of refugees goes to a specific area, we begin to get new inquiries from that same area asking how other employers can get people from abroad."

The story of the program since it began has answered one question: importation of European DP's will not settle the nation's shortage of domestic help. Nearly one out of every 10 of the American requests for DP's is for household workers, but more who come in that capacity quit their jobs than is the case in any other work category.

"The answer, we believe, is obvious," Carusi explains. "On the whole, DP's are very high-type workers, and many who come in as domestics quickly advance to better jobs."

Commission records include a report from one Long Island family who brought a couple from a German DP camp. Their home, they re-

ported, was never so well run as by this young couple. The husband, finishing duties inside the house, found unassigned work gardening, painting, doing carpentry work. One day the employers came in to find their immigrant maid playing classical music on their piano. She had, she explained, once been a concert pianist in Europe.

"We asked why they didn't quit and get better jobs. They said that some day they planned to, but first they had to work long enough to repay our kindness for sponsoring them in America."

In Kentucky, one of the largest horse-breeding farms is being run by a Pole who, before Hitler destroyed his prewar life, won three Olympic ribbons and two Madison Square Garden trophies in equestrian competition.

While domestics have been the least successful as continuous workers in

the job that brought them here, farm hands have been the best, Carusi says. One out of five of the requests processed by the commission are for farm managers and farm workers.

DP's are being sought in states where hostility to aliens has been traditional. Of the 12 top states in reception of refugees, Louisiana's 862 ranks 7th and Mississippi's 703 puts it 11th.

From the two southern states came reports recently that DP's were being mistreated as "slave labor." "We investigated and found the reports without basis," Carusi said. "It is true that work in the South is hard, pay low, and living conditions, in some cases, below the northern average. But our checks showed that the DP's themselves were not unhappy and that they were not being discriminated against. Their pay and working conditions were identical to those of the native Americans around them."



Children's Corner

A LITTLE BOY returned from his first day at school and proceeded to tell his mother about it. He was excited about the little lad who sat next to him and told how much he liked him.

The mother, remembering that many Negro children went to that school, asked him, "Is that little boy black?"

"I'll look tomorrow, Mommy," replied the child. "I never thought of looking today."

David Deutsch.



A WITNESS in a recent court action was an eight-year-old boy. The judge tested his understanding of the seriousness of the occasion by inquiring, "If you should promise to tell the truth, and then lied, what would happen to you?" The boy considered the matter for a moment and then replied solemnly, "I'd be thrown out of the Cub Scouts."

"Swear him in," said the judge.

C.S.M.

The horror is in the word

New Deal for Leprosy

By A MARIST MISSIONARY SISTER

Condensed from *Marist Moments**

LEPROSY is both ageless and global. Yet, despite the experiments of scientists and the heroic example of Father Damien and his followers, leprosy is still the most misunderstood and most feared of all afflictions. Men have always felt an unreasoning horror of the disease.

Leprosy can be traced back to the Nile valley in 3500 B.C. The hieroglyphics of Huserati's reign call it "death before death." Leprosy first migrated from Egypt in 2500 B.C., and spread steadily toward the Orient until, by 400 B.C., it was endemic to both India and China, as it is today.

In Egypt, the Hebrews, kept in the crowded Egyptian ghetto, were badly contaminated by the time of the Exodus. Undoubtedly, the Hebrew name for the disease, *Tsaraath*, was given to many skin diseases known today. Regardless of its form, however, people looked on it as a visitation of God's wrath because of some hidden sin. The strict regulations laid down by Moses were prompted almost entirely by moral reasons. A Jew was "defiled" if he had but the slightest contact with a leper, but only if that leper was another Jew. The elaborate segregation

practiced under the Old Law was designed not only to guard against infection but also to set apart the so-called sinner.

Both the Israelites and the Crusaders have been blamed for bringing leprosy to Europe, but records show that as early as 60 B.C. the disease existed in Italy and Spain, and that by the 2nd century A.D., leprosy was prevalent on the Continent. Roman invaders spread leprosy through Europe. The Roman-built military roads increased travel and trade. The rapid growth of crowded, dirty commercial areas provided all the conditions needed for leprosy to grow into a powerful plague.

The Crusaders may not be excused entirely. They were responsible in large measure for intensifying the hold leprosy took on Europe. Camp followers, thrill seekers, booty hunters, and a host of riffraff added their quota to the age's promiscuity and disregard of sanitation. In this motley horde, made up of the nobility and the scum of medieval society, leprosy found ready victims. The famine and economic distress following the Crusades added to the general poor health, and furnished fuel to the already raging plague.

Italy, Spain, France, England, and Germany were overrun by victims, and, with its gradual decline in those countries, leprosy broke out in Scotland, Holland, and Denmark. It is estimated that at one time a third of the entire population of Europe had leprosy. Lepers came from every class of society, excluding neither the king on his throne nor the cardinal at the altar. By the middle of the 13th century every city, town and village in central Europe had its leprosy house.

As famine, ignorance, and squalor aided the rapid spread of leprosy, superstition added to its terror. The sufferings of the sick were multiplied by the tradition of horror and sin which made them exiles, living ghosts shunned by all. Other than strict segregation, there was little attempt to relieve the condition itself. It was not only that the doctors did not know of any cure. It was that people thought it a judgment from God and that any attempt at cure would be going against God's will. Irene Caudwell shows the hopelessness of the position facing the newly declared victim, "dead to all legal and political rights, without any privilege of citizenship, classed with lunatics and outlaws, incapable of inheriting either land or property. Even Holy Mother Church no longer counted him as living, actually performing the burial rites over him before he entered the leprosy house."

But if the Church adopted a strict policy in the interests of the general welfare, she did not, because of that, forget her stricken children. In the

12th century the Knights Hospitallers, a military Order of Lazarus, was created especially for the care of victims of leprosy. The Knights made it part of their rule that the master of the Order had to be himself afflicted with the disease. In that way, perfect sympathy and understanding would exist between those administering and those being cared for. Every leprosy house had its chaplain, and the members of other Orders, as well as many lay Samaritans, held it a privilege to serve Christ in the person of the leper.

Curiously enough, leprosy was checked in Europe, through the ravages of a counter-plague, the Black Death. Within 100 years, almost a third of Europe perished and with it a large percentage of lepers. With the poorer element of the population almost eliminated and with gradually improving sanitation, leprosy as a native disease disappeared in time from most of Europe. England was one of the last to be rid of her leprosy houses; as late as the 15th century, she still had more than 200.

Meanwhile, leprosy invaded the New World. Two separate waves of the disease traveled to the newly discovered lands: one, eastward, came from China and Japan to the islands of the Pacific; another, westward, took two routes, moving toward the north through Norway, Iceland, Greenland, and thence to the shores of the St. Lawrence river; and, in the south, from Egypt, through western Africa, to Brazil, the Guianas, the West Indies, and Mexico.

Only 50 years after the discovery of America, a leprosarium was set up in Cartagena, South America. Although leprosy was brought to North America sometime before the American Revolution, the disease never became native to the northern continent. Large ports such as New York received many "import" cases, because leprosy is hard to recognize in its early stages. In Louisiana and a few of the southern states, leprosy has a relatively high frequency, dating, it is claimed, from the advent of the exiled Acadians.

But it was the islands of the Pacific which provided both the virgin soil and the ideal climate for the newly imported disease from the Orient. Striking first at the Philippines in the early 17th century, leprosy became so common that, at the time the Americans occupied Manila, 15,000 victims of the disease were listed. In the South Sea Islands, New Caledonia, Fiji, and Hawaii became homes of leprosy.

With the new rise of leprosy in the 19th century, the unsolved problem challenged the awakening powers of science. Two Norwegians, Boeck and Danielssen, began their experiments to isolate the bacteria of leprosy. Danielssen even went so far as to allow the injection of matter from a patient's ulcer into his own blood stream, but without any appreciable effects. Later, Armauer Hansen, his son-in-law, discovered the bacillus leprae, but the victory, memorable in itself, availed little for the sufferers at the time.

While scientists labored on in their laboratories for a clue to the specific

which could be used to fight the plague, the world at large gave little or no thought to the problem.

Once again, the Church came to the rescue, realizing not only the corporal needs but the deep spiritual misery of the suffering ones. Consecrated, generous souls stepped forward, offering to share the outcasts' burdens and isolation. The most famous of those heroes was Damien, called the Apostle of Molokai. This Belgian priest spent the best part of his life in an attempt to reform the deplorable conditions. Successful though he was, his work might have died with him, had not the disease in claiming him put the stamp of fame on his rugged character. Piers Compton remarks, "Damien's ambition was at last accomplished. For the first time in the history of the modern world leprosy and its conditions became the subject of serious thought. The religious missions and medical researches that we view with casual acceptance date from the time of the martyrdom of Molokai."

As a direct result of Damien's sacrifice, the scientific aspects of leprosy and its cure became the problem of thinking men and women throughout the world. A \$2 million fund was raised to aid science in its studies towards wiping out leprosy. Some workers matched the zeal of Damien even in the laboratory. Such a one was Miss Alice Ball, a young Negro chemist, who, by overlong hours at research, ruined her health while perfecting the chaulmoogra-oil treatment still in use for certain types of leprosy. Others,

such as Sir Leonard Rogers, Dr. Muir of Calcutta and London, Dr. Heiser of Manila, Dr. Byrie of Malaya, Dr. Leake of California, Dr. Johansen of Carville, and Dr. Wade of Culion, have given up many years and promising careers in medicine to devote all their time to research. Sisters, too, have contributed much in the field of research as well as in personal service. Notable among them are Sister Hilary Ross, a Sister of Charity at Carville, La., and Sister Marie Suzanne, Marist Missionary Sister. After 25 years at the Fiji leprosarium, Sister Marie Suzanne now heads the leprosy-research laboratory at the new leprosy hospital of the Propagation of the Faith in Lyons, France.

No less directly did Damien's inspiration work in behalf of the social problem. Even before his death, additional volunteers for Molokai joined Damien in solving the problem as Christ had solved it: by giving themselves. Nor were the volunteers limited to Molokai. Culion, Cebu, Makogai, Kwangtun, Sancian Island, Chacachacare, Spanish Town, Carville, and many other leprosaria throughout the world are staffed by workers who have consecrated their lives to God in the service of the leper regardless of race or creed. Non-Catholic lazarettos are found in every mission country, attesting to the zeal of Protestant missionaries in behalf of the sick.

Religious and social agencies, if not properly aided, however, cannot hope to do noteworthy scientific work on a scale measuring up to so large a prob-

lem. Secular institutions, on the other hand, with their constantly moving personnel, are even more inadequate. Dr. Muir, who has had over 30 years' experience in India and in Trinidad, claims that institutions staffed by missions and subsidized by local governments are considered the best division of labor and responsibility. In our own country, at Carville, La., the U.S. government maintains an outstanding institution with the latest in therapeutics and medications, such as promin and diasone, for its patients. It hands over the nursing care to the Daughters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul.

But, though the victim of leprosy finds in science a means to conquer his disease, and in the religion of the Man of Sorrows the spiritual strength to bear his affliction, the problem goes deeper than that. The need for educating the public to a modern viewpoint on leprosy is urgent. The first step toward this is contained in a resolution recently adopted by medical authorities. It outlaws the word *leper* as applied to modern sufferers of the disease and with it, one may hope, the centuries of superstitious horror linked with the word. Instead, the term Hansen's disease or Hansenosis is suggested. The patient is to be called a Hansenotic.

Because of the horror of the disease and of the unjust, lingering stigma attached to leprosy, efforts to cope with the problem, socially and medically, are still difficult. Burgess claims that only 3% of the world's Hansenotics receive treatment, a startling statement,

because their total number is well over 3 million. Because of the repulsion and suspicion met in their neighbors' eyes, the dread of institutions, and distorted accounts of the treatments, people who have Hansenosis hide away in their homes until their condition is so advanced that treatments are almost useless. In the meanwhile, children of the household become infected. Besides, not more than 50% of the world's so-called lepers are even infectious, but lack of understanding of the disease and the tradition of horror attached to it make it impossible to determine this.

Zappa claims that "if the frequent infections of children and adolescents could be prevented, leprosy would nearly die out in two or three generations." Muir confirms this statement, saying, "It is the childhood infections that are responsible for the perpetuation of leprosy. If every child from birth to ten years of age could be effectively isolated from infection, the disease would soon die out."

Nearly every country in the world

today is trying to direct a public-health campaign against the disease. China is the exception, and it is the most heavily infected of them all, having more than 2 million Hansenotics.

Sir Leonard Rogers urges a survey-propaganda-treatment campaign in which the public would be taught to see Hansen's disease in its true light. They would look on the victim as simply a person who needs help, sympathy, and intelligent treatment, as does any sick person. Hansen's disease is the same as any other curable, infectious, but not at all contagious ailment.

The Hansenotics of any locality should be listed, examined, and classified into infective and noninfective groups. Sir Rogers would then have the noninfectives treated as outpatients, and isolate only the infectives. This, in addition to systematic treatments, and bi-annual examinations of the patients' households so as to detect early stages, would eventually check Hansenosis everywhere.



Joseph Cardinal Medwick

JOSEPH (DUCKY) MEDWICK, a prewar St. Louis Cardinal outfielder, had occasion to visit the Vatican during the 2nd World War.

Medwick, a Catholic, joined a group of American servicemen to whom Pope Pius XII had granted an audience. As each military man approached the Pope, the Holy Father spoke briefly, asking each visitor his vocation in life.

After the Pope had greeted a magazine editor, a musician, a carpenter, and a traffic cop, Medwick stepped forward and remarked seriously, "Your Holiness, I'm Joseph Medwick. I, too, used to be a Cardinal."

The Holy Name Journal (June '49).

Sweep your own steps

Protestants of Spain

By RICHARD PATTEE

Condensed from *Our Sunday Visitor**

THE secular press tells us over and over again that in Spain Protestants are being deprived of their rights. In the minds of vast numbers of honest people this is a natural result of the whole Franco business and a simple proof that Spain is not a fit country to associate with.

Catholics, I suspect, are sometimes hard put to answer the charge that they are intolerant of minorities and the assertion that non-Catholic countries show more tolerance than such benighted areas as Italy, Spain, or Portugal.

I would like to discuss the charge and the assertion. To begin with, we find a most remarkable statement in a book recently published in the U.S. It is entitled *The American Churches, An Interpretation*, and comes from the pen of William Warren Sweet (New York, 1948). The quotation runs as follows: "Wherever Roman Catholicism secures dominance there you will have at least the threat of religious intolerance; wherever the Roman Catholics are a minority, there—and there only—do they give even lip service to complete religious liberty. Here is a valid justification for seeing to it that

the Roman Catholics be kept in a minority, not only in the U.S. but throughout the world, if the great principle of complete religious liberty is to be maintained."

Now this is an extraordinary statement from any point of view. We are told that only where Catholics are a minority—and the author's "tolerance" extends to proposing that they be kept as such—do Catholics give even lip service to religious liberty. The supposition is that in those cases where they are a majority, the rules are thrown out and no punches are held in browbeating and tyrannizing the unfortunate non-Catholics.

It is true that there are many countries today where Catholics are both a majority of the population and dominant in the government. In many so-called Catholic countries, such as most of those of Hispanic America, while Catholics are nominally on top of the heap, the governments are frequently anticlerical. There are, however, two countries which are completely Catholic in population and have governments absolutely devoted to Catholic interests. They are, moreover, governed under specific and direct Catho-

*Huntington, Ind., May 22, 1949.

lic inspiration. These are Ireland and Quebec province.

To these two may be added certain of the self-governing Swiss cantons such as Fribourg and Lucerne, which are Catholic in everything right down to crucifixes in the city halls and religious instruction in every state school. Now what is the record of these three very different areas where Catholics rule, and rule because they are more than 90% of the people?

I was in Ireland for a month last autumn. I talked with Protestants about the state of religion and more than one insisted that to be a Protestant in Eire today was almost an advantage, since the Protestant minority receives far more of a share in public affairs than their number actually justifies, precisely because the majority want to be fair. After all, the first Irish president was a Protestant. Trinity college, Dublin, hasn't the least difficulty about functioning as a Protestant institution in a thoroughly Catholic city. Protestants vote, engage in business and the professions, belong to Parliament, and worship as they please. Can any substantial allegation be made that they suffer any disability whatever in modern Ireland?

French Canada is an equally good example. Here is a province, Quebec, where the French have not received their due in the past. They have never even been accepted all over Canada as co-partners in the national life. In Quebec itself, 95% of the population is Catholic. No one can point to a single statute, to one piece of legislation, to

one discriminatory act, against the Protestant minority. Their freedom of worship is complete. Their schools and even the English language are protected in Quebec in a manner not extended to French Canadians in British Columbia, for example.

If the French Canadians so chose, they could encroach on the minority without the least fear of legislative reaction, since the Quebec chambers are almost solidly Catholic. If this is not toleration and respect for the minority it would be difficult to find it anywhere.

Let us take the single Swiss canton of Fribourg. It is about as Catholic as Quebec. Moreover, it is militantly Catholic, because of the civil war of 100 years ago. Each Swiss canton is virtually autonomous in most administrative matters and each represents a sort of small republic within the general confederation. The Protestants in Fribourg enjoy every freedom they can possibly wish. There is a Protestant in the cantonal government even though the canton does not have more than a half dozen Protestant churches. All function without the least restriction. Publications are quite free, and no limitation exists except the will of the majority, which may or may not prefer a Protestant in a public office.

Now to take up the assertion that non-Catholic countries are more tolerant. There are two countries where the most serious disabilities exist as regards Catholics, and both of them are popularly regarded as reasonably progressive and democratic. They are

Switzerland and Sweden. The case of Switzerland is most interesting. The Swiss Constitution provides that no new diocese may be erected in the country without approval of the civil government. Article 51 states that the Jesuits as an Order may not exist in Switzerland. All teaching activity is forbidden even individual Jesuits. The Constitution provides that similar action may be extended to other Religious Communities. Article 52 states that no new Religious Communities may be formed. One may argue that this is the consequence of an historical fact and forms a part of the tradition of Switzerland. The place of Protestants in Spain is also the result of historical facts, and forms a part of the national tradition there.

In democratic Sweden the situation is so fantastic as to be almost unbelievable. Today, in this year of grace 1949, a Swedish Catholic wishing a passport must get a certificate of good conduct from the Lutheran parish which he never attends. Two Swedish Catholics propose to marry. They must have their banns published in the Lutheran church, of which they are not communicants. Moreover, if a Swede wishes to become a Catholic, do you think that he merely applies to a priest and then takes instruction and ultimately becomes one? Not at all. He must have the intention published in the Lutheran church.

Everything possible is done, in terms of human respect, to make his entrance into the Catholic Church burdensome and publicly reprehensible.

No Catholic may teach in the state primary schools of Sweden. No Catholic may serve in certain government positions and no Religious Community may own property. All this is on the statute books, and is by no means merely a holdover from the days of Gustavus Adolphus. The Catholic in modern Sweden has a dozen times more disabilities than the Protestant in Spain.

The argument may be, as I have heard it, that after all there are only a few thousand Catholics in Sweden, so what difference does it make? One cannot expect a country to legislate for these tiny minorities. It would be as though the U. S. made laws on behalf of Moslems or Buddhists simply because a handful of them are scattered about the nation. But doesn't the same argument apply to Spain? There are probably no more than 4,000 native Spanish Protestants in all Spain. Obviously legislation does not take into account this microscopic minority or make special provision for them.

To those well-meaning but ill-informed Americans who wish us to set out on a crusade to free Protestants in Spain, I suggest that they also take the proper measures for the submerged Catholics in Sweden. Might it not be a good thing to organize some sort of association for the liberation from thralldom of the Catholic population of Sweden? The logic of the two cases is identical.

Perhaps if the facts could be more widely spread and Catholics themselves were better informed, we might

manage to show that Catholics have, taken as a whole, a fairly good record of respect for the conscience of minorities. After all, our religion is based firmly on the fact that no one can be forced to be a Catholic. Many who want to join the Church are amazed at the difficulty of getting in, and the

time and effort it takes to prove their intention and sincerity.

It is time to call a halt to this incredible nonsense about Spain as a medieval-minded, obscurantist country where Protestants are still at least symbolically burned at the stake, and their lives made miserable.



Jewels in the dawn

Dew: Nature's Wonder

By JOHN W. WHITE

Condensed from *Nature Magazine**

DEW is the by-product of a process of checks and balances with which nature has prevented destruction of the earth. Physicists say that if the immense quantities of heat radiated to the earth's surface by the sun had been stored up, the earth would have been destroyed long ago. The disaster has been averted because the earth cools during the night by sending much of its heat back to the cold and empty heavens. This cooling-down produces dew, one of nature's greatest blessings to man.

Dew is one of the most beautiful of all the earth's phenomena. It provides much of the beauty of an early morning walk, when all plant life is spar-

klung with dewdrops. It covers the rose petals with diamonds and fills lily cups with the nectar that bees search for as soon as the sun rises.

Many rose culturists insist that they need moonlight to raise beautiful blooms. It is dew, however, not moonlight, that increases the fragrance of flowers and refreshes all growing things. Dew forms only when the sky is clear, so roses and other flowers show its refreshing effects on mornings after clear, moonlit nights.

The importance of dew goes far beyond the esthetic. There are several places in the world where this moisture of the night is an essential factor in the national economy. In some hot

*1214 16th St., N.W., Washington, 6, D.C. June-July, 1949.

countries, dew is sufficient to take the place of rain, which is scarce.

In tropical areas the dew is sometimes so heavy that it can be collected in gutters. Yet, meteorologists have done little toward measuring the dew supply, and there are practically no data on the subject. They have determined, however, that at London, and at Tenbury, in Worcestershire, there is an annual "fall" of between one inch and an inch and one-half, compared with the annual rainfall of 35 inches.

The dew wonder begins shortly after sunset on clear, cool nights and continues until sunrise, unless clouds appear. As the earth and plant life and other outdoor objects radiate heat and get cooler, moisture is condensed on them from the surrounding warmer atmosphere. This moisture is dew.

Aristotle was one of the first to observe that dew appears only on calm, serene nights. He supposed that it fell like rain, and poets still sing of the falling of dew.

The moisture that appears on a glass pitcher containing iced water disproves the theory that dew falls, since it is formed by the same principle. The analogy is so perfect that scientists use the cool container method to determine the dew point, the level to which the temperature must be reduced to form dew under various atmospheric conditions. This dew point is a highly important factor in hygrometry, where it is used to measure the pressure and amount of humidity in the atmosphere.

The things dew does, and does not do, are striking. It thickly covers every

leaf and blade that needs moisture for life, but does not form on dust, rocks, pebbles, or other barren formations that would not be benefited. It does not appear in cold, damp climates where the air is saturated with moisture. In covering tender plant shoots with moisture it shelters them from the cold that is forming the dew.

Dew answers the question of why clear, cool nights are followed by misty, foggy mornings. The dew becomes mist and fog when the sun rises and begins to warm the earth, causing the cool moisture to rise. On those nights when the temperature falls below 32° F., the dew freezes and we have hoarfrost, with its beautifully designed crystals.

Dewdrops have incredible beauty. They form in surprisingly symmetrical fashion on leaves, blades of grass, spider webs. The most beautiful patterns appear on leaves that are covered with fine, hairy down, such as those of strawberry, blackberry, and clover.

One of the many dew mysteries is why it does not form on blades of grass that are broken. It may be because grass radiates its heat through the point of the blade, and because the dew forms only at the point of radiation. At any rate, dew forms only on the blade's point. The tiny, diamond-like drop of dew grows until it becomes too heavy to keep its precarious position on the point of the blade. Then it rolls down the blade, breaking into tiny drops as it goes. This is repeated until the grass blade is covered. The size of dewdrops varies greatly

from one object to another, but those on any given object usually are of the same size.

Every dewdrop, wherever it may be, is a tiny mirror that reflects, upside down, whatever is within its range. Look into a dewdrop and you see a minute picture of a piece of sky, the corner of a cloud, two or three pygmy trees, or the full moon in all its glory. Surely the night offers few spectacles that can compete with a spider web that is jeweled with hundreds of dewdrop diamonds, each one holding within itself the reflection of the full moon.

Dew refreshes and brightens all living plant life, and, at the same time, speeds up the decay of dead tissue, whether plant or animal. Both Pliny and Plutarch affirmed, and the people of the West Indies still believe, that human and animal corpses decay fastest when exposed to moonlight. Since there is no heat in the moonbeams that reach the earth, they have no effect on dead animal tissue. It is dew, not moonlight, that hastens dissolution.

This rotting effect of dew on dead tissue is used in the preparation of flax and hemp, and is described in the word *dewret*—to *ret* or *rot* by exposure to dew and the sun. The fibers can then be extracted from the surrounding vegetable matter without breaking them.

Scientists have been fully as interested in dew as the poets. It was not until the turn of the 19th century, however, that a really scientific work on dew was produced. The celebrated classic

on the subject is the *Essay on Dew*, by Dr. William Charles Wells, first published in 1814. Dr. Wells was physician to St. Thomas' hospital in London, and was the first investigator to prove that dew condenses and does not fall. The *Essay* is a report on the long series of experiments he began in 1784, and it is not only of great scientific importance but also a model of literary beauty.

Thomas Jefferson also experimented with dew, and reported in his *Notes on Virginia* that dew is much less copious on hills than on plains, an observation that had already been made by both Aristotle and Plutarch. The reason is that the cooling of the air is greater on the plains than on the hills.

A notable exception to this rule is Mt. Hermon, in Galilee. Perhaps no other mountain is so generously drenched with dew. The dew, in fact, is Hermon's life; it waters and refreshes every living tree and plant upon it. The "falling" of the dew on Mt. Hermon was so famous in Biblical times that it is referred to figuratively in the 132nd Psalm as the symbol of the descending of the Holy Spirit.

As far back as man's memory reaches, the dew always has been heavy in Palestine and Egypt. There are 23 references to dew in the Old Testament. In many of the references, dew is used as a synonym for blessing or good. One of Webster's definitions calls dew an emblem of dawn, or of morning freshness, purity, or vigor, as the dew of one's youth. Shakespeare refers to "the golden dew of sleep."

Kipling, in *The Five Nations*, sang the praise of one of the earth's most interesting mysteries

*... the dew pond on the height
Unfed, that never fails.*

Dew ponds, still used for watering cattle on the chalk downs of Kent and Sussex, are relics of Neolithic man. Until very recent years they had mystified scientists as well as laymen, because there is no visible source of their water supply. They stand on high ground into which brooks and other streams cannot drain, yet they nearly always retain a fair quantity of water when the low-level ponds are empty.

Because those ponds contain water when rain-fed ponds are dry, it was long supposed that they must be replenished by the heavy dews on clear nights, hence their name. Recent investigations, however, show that they probably are filled by the condensation of the heavy fogs and mists that hang over them during cloudy nights. But their poetic name still clings to them. Whatever their source may be, they can be depended upon to supply water when the ponds in the lowlands are empty. That is why Jack and Jill (and all their neighbors) went up the hill (to the dew ponds) to fetch a pail of water.



Quiet, Please!

A HIGH British personage in Berlin arranged a dinner with an equally exalted Soviet personage, just to see whether in an informal and friendly atmosphere they could solve some of the thorniest of their problems. The dinner was an enormous success, so much so that when the Britisher got back to his billet he was seized with qualms lest he'd been altogether too accommodating. So later in the morning he rang up his Soviet friend. "I want to thank you for that wonderful dinner, but do let me impress upon you again that all that I said was strictly off the record; in fact, anything I said after midnight I shall probably deny having said at all."

Back came the answer, "That is entirely understood. Anything that *either* of us said after midnight is already forgotten. As a matter of fact, we took the precaution of shooting the interpreter after you left."

A. F. Birch Jones quoted in the *English Digest*.



THE English *Daily Worker* has abandoned its tabloid size for pages as large as the capitalist dailies. G. B. Shaw, in a special article to commemorate the change, lauds Russia and says the Soviet encourages criticism of the government.

This columnist offers £25 to the first Russian who writes "Stalin must go," and has it published in a Soviet paper.

The sum, if more convenient, could be paid to his heirs.

London Recorder.

Three figs a day is good example

Apostle of the Sahara

By THOMAS F. DOYLE

Condensed from the *Marianist**



FATHER Charles-Eugene de Foucauld was a hermit who lived deep in the Sahara desert. He had been there 15 years. One day he was interrupted in his devotions by a noise at the door of his stone hut. He looked up, and into the muzzles of rifles held by savage men of the Senussi tribe. The Senussi were enemies of his friends, the Tuaregs.

When Father Charles-Eugene looked into the rifles he saw eternity within their bores. So did his three companions. There was no reason to believe the Moslems would not shoot.

The story of Father de Foucauld is one of extreme contrasts between society and solitude, riches and poverty, sin and sanctity. Today his name is revered in France, and the cause for his canonization was introduced in Rome last September.

He was born at Strasbourg in 1858, of aristocratic parents. He learned his catechism well; he said his prayers at his mother's knee; and went to Mass not only on Sundays but often during the week. His devout mother rejoiced over his signs of piety.

While he was still in his teens,

Charles' mother died; then his father. Charles inherited his father's title and a fortune. Though intelligent, the boy left without parental guidance grew lazy, sensual, and greedy. He gave up his faith.

Military service was a family tradition, so, for this reason, rather than from choice of his own, Viscount de Foucauld decided to join the army. He attended St. Cyr military college and the Saumur, famous cavalry riding school of the French army. When he was 20 he was made an officer in the famous Chasseurs d'Afrique.

It was not long before the elders of the family were shaking their heads over the young dandy who was sowing more than his share of wild oats. He was a good soldier. His superiors liked men of spirit. But they thought it was too dashing when an officer grew overfond of card playing and carried on outrageous affairs. If he were only a little more circumspect—his extravagance embarrassed them, too. The army suspended him.

Then war broke out in French Algeria. In 1881, Lieutenant de Foucauld was ordered to lead his men into the Sud. He made good in the desert. He

suffered with his men as a merciless sun shriveled their skins and sand storms ate into their very pores. The campaign marked Charles' first break with his disorderly past. He was still without faith, but the silence of long desert nights shook his soul. He began to think about the purpose of his existence.

The long campaign ended. Back in France, the spell of desert nights still held Charles-Eugene. No longer did he yearn for the gay life of the garrison. He asked leave to go back to Africa, to Morocco, to explore that forbidden, bandit-ridden land where no Christian dared go. It would be to his country's advantage, he argued. But he still had a bad name in France. Permission was refused.

So the young man resigned his commission, and said he would make his survey as a civilian. He had money enough of his own; and courage to face the risks.

He spent six months in Algiers making himself ready for his great adventure. He studied the geography of Old Africa; learned Arabic and Hebrew.

Disguised as a Moroccan Jew, he began his perilous expedition in 1883. For almost a year, dressed in filthy rags and with long matted hair, he matched his wits against a ruthless people who spat upon him because they thought he was a Jew but would have tortured and killed him had they even suspected what he really was. With a sextant which he carried in a sack upon his back, he made observations; he mark-

ed nearly 2,000 miles of footpaths and trails; wrote secretly at night the notes which later became his *Reconnaissance de Maroc*, one of the most famous reports of its kind ever written.

De Foucauld was hailed as a national hero upon his return to France in 1884. He was awarded the gold medal of the Geographical Society of Paris. He began to meet people who were, in his own words, "very intelligent, very virtuous, and very Christian." This, he said later, began to make him think that "perhaps religion was not so absurd after all." He began to spend long hours in church praying for a recapture of the faith he had now come to admire in others.

In 1887 he sought out a priest, the saintly Abbe Henri Huvelin of St. Catherine's church in Paris, to discuss with him his doubts and difficulties. The Abbe told him to get to his knees and confess his sins. A miracle of grace was under way. The man who could command men obeyed. When he rose he was a changed man, with a single, set purpose: to give himself utterly to God. His first act was to receive Communion.

He had no thought then of becoming a priest. But he consecrated himself to the Sacred Heart, and went to Mass every day. He began to live the life of an ascetic—went on long spiritual retreats, with the Trappists at Fontgombault, the Benedictines at Solesmes, the Jesuits in Clamort. He made a four-month tour of the Holy Land.

In 1890 he became a Trappist in the

monastery of La Trappe de Notre Dame des Neiges, in the high mountains of France. The noble Viscount de Foucauld, putting his fame and riches forever behind him, became Brother Marie-Alberic.

His superiors recognized in Charles a man of great grace and heroic humility and obedience. He might have been ordained a Trappist priest, content to work out his salvation in the shelter of the great contemplative Order, but his was a rare soul not yet sure of its real vocation. In January, 1897, he was released from his vows, and resumed, as a layman, his search for God's will for him.

Leaving at once for Palestine, Charles again visited the Holy Places, and finally reached Nazareth, the place he loved most. There he remained three years, living as a servant in the convent of the Poor Clares.

He kept up his theological studies at Nazareth; and at last a summons came from Abbe Huvelin to return to France to prepare for Holy Orders. He completed his studies at the Trappist monastery of Notre Dame des Neiges in Ardeche, and was ordained at Viviers on June 9, 1901. He was then 42.

Father Charles of Jesus learned, during the long retreats before his ordination, the work God had chosen for him. He would return to the Sahara, not as a missionary seeking converts, but as witness for Christ among the Tuaregs, nomads of pre-Arab stock, a people described as "the most abandoned in the world." They were known among the Arabs, themselves

not exactly humanitarian, as "the Merciless," because of the treatment they gave their slaves. The Tuaregs were nominally Mohammedans, but cruel, and strangers to morals and to any law except force.

Father de Foucauld began his apostolate a few months after his ordination. At Beni-Abbes, near Morocco, with the aid of the French Foreign Legionnaires, he built his first hermitage. There, he was chaplain to the French soldiers, and almost their idol.

Legionnaires still talk of Father de Foucauld's ride to Taghit fort in 1903. When news reached Beni-Abbes that 6,000 armed Moors had besieged a garrison of 470 men, the priest borrowed a horse and was off at once. The distance was only 75 miles. But they were desert miles, and it took Father de Foucauld 23 hours to make the trip. He found 49 wounded men still alive; stayed 25 days ministering to them. He was given an officer's room but never once slept in it.

After four years at Beni-Abbes he penetrated the forbidden Ahaggar empire and set up his retreat at Tamanrasset. Here he was in intimate contact with the Tuareg people. Now he began his real work in the Sahara. Tamanrasset became his permanent home, although he continued to make regular visits to Beni-Abbes and to two other retreats he founded at In Salah, on the northwest tip of the Ahaggar, and at L'Askekren, on a mountain plateau. He wrote, over and over, "I work so that the Ahaggar may be Christian in two centuries."

As a missionary in the ordinary sense, Father de Foucauld accomplished almost nothing. He baptized an old Negro, a Negro child of three, an infant who was probably already dead, and a 15-year-old Negro youth who had been instructed by a French sergeant. But as witness for Christ he was a great success.

His hut became a place of pilgrimage for the Tuaregs. They liked the good-humored, tolerant, wise, and humble man who was always glad to spend an hour with them. A hardy people themselves, they marveled at the self-imposed hardships endured by this strange priest. Many came out of curiosity; all went away with respect for the Christian faith which could produce such a holy yet gay and generous man.

Father de Foucauld's daily food often consisted of only three figs. He had a fortune at his command, but lived in abject poverty. Once, however, he made a trip to France, taking with him the son of a Tuareg chief. Then he wanted everything his money could buy. The priest and his guest traveled first class, lived in de-luxe comfort, were entertained at the chateaux of friends. The young Tuareg could influence others. He must be impressed, therefore, by the culture and glory of a Christian country.

One of Father de Foucauld's biographers calls him "the greatest man of action in modern times." Mass, the Divine Office, two Rosaries, the Stations of the Cross, prayers for the Pope and for the conversion of the infidel occu-

piated him daily from four in the morning till ten at night. He also did manual work and spiritual reading. He found time to compose a Tuareg dictionary, translate Tuareg poetry, write on Tuareg folklore, and even make valuable meteorological and other scientific observations. He taught the Tuareg women to knit, the men how to farm. He cured their bodily ills.

Besides all this, he drew up a Rule for a new Community of solitaries, the Little Brothers of the Sacred Heart. Those were to pray and do penance among the Sahara tribes. They would gradually break down fanatical hatred, so that their successors might some day bring the natives to Christ. The Rule was approved by Rome. But the hermit was destined to labor and suffer alone. Only one, a young Breton, came to join him. But the life was too hard, and he soon gave it up.

Father de Foucauld's decade and a half of good works among the Tuaregs won their love and respect. They cared for him when he was ill; once saved his life when they found him unconscious from snake bite. But they would not accept Christianity.

Even more fanatic were the Senussi. The 1st World War broke out. The Senussi favored the German side. They would seek out this French priest who was keeping the native African tribes on the side of the French. The Christian dog!

So Father de Foucauld found himself looking into Senussi rifles. He raised his eyes a bit higher, gazed into hate-filled faces.

Father de Foucauld could see the forefinger on the trigger grow tense. The rifle spoke, and he fell. Simultaneously, three others who were with him at the time were murdered. The four bodies were thrown into a shallow grave.

They were dug up a year later, for reburial. Oddly, one of them was found to have become mummified, while the others were mere skeletons. The strangely preserved remains were those of Father de Foucauld.

The canonization process for Father de Foucauld has revealed miracles unknown even to his greatest admirers. One concerned Bishop Jean Socquet of Ouagadougou, in the French Sudan, who was consecrated last year. Bishop, then Father Socquet, was dying of cancer of the stomach in a North African monastery in 1929. He fell into a coma and was expected to die at any

moment. A novena of intercession to the desert priest was answered on the last day. Father Socquet came out of his coma, climbed weakly out of his bed, and made his way, falling several times, to the chapel. By the end of the Mass his strength had completely returned; doctors examined him shortly afterwards, and reported him in perfect health. All signs of cancer had gone.

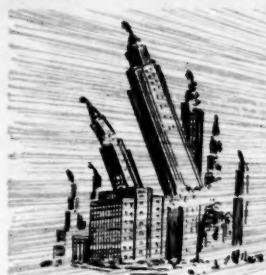
The Tuaregs are still Moslems, still savages, but Father de Foucauld's memory lives among them, and his spirit still hovers over them. For the Community which he could not bring into existence during his lifetime has come into being since his death. Little groups of priests, and even nuns, are living quietly in the Sahara, under the Rule he drew up, doing all they can by prayer and charity to extend the rule of Christ.



World Series

*M*ANY years ago a publisher made it a practice to find mistakes of various kinds in the Bible. He boasted that he would print a Bible without any error in it. He had it set up in type and had the proofs read successively by 17 different proof-readers. Finally everything was marked O.K. and the presses started running. After about 1,000 sheets had been run through, a bystander remarked that there must be a lot of baseball fans among the employees. The publisher belligerently inquired what was the matter. The bystander quietly pointed to the opening paragraph on the first page, which read: "In the big inning God created heaven and earth. . . ."

John L. McKean in letter to the editor of *Newsweek*.



Patterns for doomsday

TARGET: U.S.A.

By R. E. LAPP

Condensed chapters of a book*

LET us imagine the U. S. to be under atomic attack by a foreign power. No one knows with certainty what targets an enemy would attack, but the following will undoubtedly rank high on his list: 1. centers of population; 2. industrial concentrations capable of producing items of military importance; 3. an individual plant producing a high percentage of an important war item; 4. public utilities—electric power plants and water systems; 5. transportation facilities into key areas; 6. large dams and hydroelectric installations; 7. military installations.

In many cases targets will be composites of these. For example, industry and population tend to go together, and the bomb may act against either or both. At Hiroshima the death toll was large but the industrial areas, located largely on the outskirts of the city, were only slightly damaged and could have been restored to normal production in a short time had the war continued. At Nagasaki, on the other hand, the death toll was much smaller, but severe damage was done to large manufacturing plants. The differences

were due to the arrangements of the two cities and not to any deliberate defense planning by the Japanese, but they serve to show how destruction can be altered by the layout of the target.

The atomic bomb is a highly effective antipersonnel weapon. We must assume that it will be used against our centers of population, even those which do not contain key war industries. No one knows whether population bombing will ever play a major role in deciding a global war, but it can certainly reduce ability to retaliate promptly and would be considered worth while by an aggressor.

The U. S. is an urban nation. Thirty per cent of our population live in cities of 100,000 or more, 12% are in cities of more than 1 million, and one person in 20 lives in New York City. At present some 60% of our population live in cities occupying less than 3% of the total land area and it appears that the urban concentration is increasing. Between 1940 and 1948 the population of the U. S. increased by more than 14 millions and more than 10 millions of the increase were in the

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urban communities. Crowded cities are lush targets for an enemy interested in personnel bombing, but this situation can be altered in the future by proper planning. Population densities, hence target attractiveness, depend upon the desires of the people and how they want to live. If population densities can be reduced many of our cities will be safer places in which to live.

Most cities have followed a familiar growth pattern. As the demands for industrial and living space increased, horizontal expansion became limited by unfavorable transportation facilities or geography. Vertical expansion by way of skyscrapers was the result. This vertical expansion plays directly into the hands of the atomic bomber. Tall buildings increase the population density and bring more people within range of the penetrating radiations and the blast. Other things being equal, the more nearly a city is spherical or cubical in shape the more destruction the bomb works.

As a result of vertical expansion population densities have risen, and we now have as typical figures: New York City, 21,000; Chicago, 16,000; Pittsburgh, 12,000, per square mile. These figures may be compared with those for essentially horizontal cities such as: Los Angeles, 3,000; Houston, 5,000, per square mile.

Obviously some of our cities are sitting ducks, well fattened, and inviting destruction. Cities like Los Angeles and Houston, which are not prize targets now, will become so if population

densities are allowed to increase and if tall buildings are erected in compact clusters. Compactness is a poor exchange for immunity from attack. In the growing cities which are not now attractive to the atomic bomber, the choice is in the hands of the city planners, who will do well to weigh the facts before recommending new construction.

New York's Manhattan heads the list of potential enemy targets. We shall treat it as a proving ground for several hypothetical bomb bursts. This is not done to frighten those who live there, but to see what we can expect from atomic attack.

We can assume that one atom bomb is equivalent to 50,000 tons of TNT. This does not imply that such bombs exist, but it seems reasonable to assume that they can be developed. Actually, the atomic bomb is already so powerful that it is too big for all but a few targets. Bigger bombs would waste their energy, and as military weapons they would find little application.

To date eight atomic bombs have been exploded, only two as weapons of war. The first test bomb was exploded on a steel tower 100 feet above the New Mexico desert at Alamogordo, two more were detonated at Bikini, and more recently three were tested at Eniwetok atoll in the Pacific.

Because many of our largest cities are close to large bodies of water, the possibility of an underwater explosion must be seriously considered. Many have warned that an enemy might

put into one of our ports in a tramp steamer and explode an atomic bomb stored in its hold. This explosion, they think, would send a lethal spray of radioactivity over an entire metropolitan area, killing everyone and making the region uninhabitable for many years.

The facts indicate that such an attack is rather improbable. However, an atomic bomb might be delivered by aircraft and exploded by a delayed fuse. Should the technical difficulties of atomic bomb design allow for such delivery, we would have to consider the problem of exact placement of the bomb within the body of water.

Consider New York harbor, for example. On one side is the Hudson river and on the other is the East river. Both these rivers are comparatively narrow and there would be considerable chance that an aerial delivery would fail to land in the center of the river. This would seriously limit the likelihood of a base surge. Even if the bomb did land exactly in the desired spot, there is one factor which up to now we have neglected. Everyone seems to have assumed that our harbors are just like the Bikini lagoon. Such is not the case. The average depth of the Bikini lagoon is 175 feet, and there are only a very few harbors in this country which approach that depth. Most American ports are so shallow that they have to be dredged to a depth of 30 or 40 feet to allow oceangoing vessels to pass. This is why we think that even a properly placed atomic bomb would not be effective

in producing a base surge. There simply would not be enough water for the surge to be created.

Even if a base surge could be produced in the Hudson river off downtown Manhattan (and this appears highly improbable), would such a burst kill everyone in New York City? Some seem to think that it would. They apparently forget the results of the test at Bikini, which definitely showed that the range of deadliness of the base surge was about one mile under conditions of no wind. With a wind, it might stretch out to two miles in the downwind direction. This would scarcely wipe out all of New York, which covers an area of 365 square miles! However, if a 1 x 2-mile blanket of radioactive mist were to roll over Manhattan, the loss of life would be tremendous. Here again, we must examine our conditions carefully. The broad, unobstructed expanse of Bikini lagoon is not the same kind of surface as Manhattan's skyline. Along the Battery high buildings rise hundreds of feet into the air. Narrow canyons are formed by the streets between. A base surge trying to roll over this obstacle would meet considerable opposition and we believe that the outer row of buildings along the water front would break up and turn back much of the surge, and thus shield the other buildings.

Let us now turn our attention to a bomb smuggled into a city and detonated in the basement of a skyscraper. Certainly no newspaper reader has missed hearing the term "suitcase war-

fare." It has been suggested that foreign agents might infiltrate our country and plant bombs in our major cities. These would be exploded on schedule until we had surrendered or until we had no cities left.

Assume that an atomic bomb explodes in the basement of the City Hall at the lower end of Manhattan. As all visitors to New York know, the City Hall is situated in a tight cluster of skyscrapers which rise to a height of about 800 feet. No one knows exactly what would happen if an atomic bomb exploded under the conditions described, but it is evident that the explosion would vent itself by directing much of its energy in the path of least resistance. Undoubtedly the building itself would collapse. There would be a considerable earth shock in the vicinity, but the actual displacement of earth to form a crater would not be enormous. A crater some 500 feet in diameter might be expected. Major physical damage would be confined to an area not more than 1,000 feet in radius; but the blast wave would undoubtedly cause superficial damage to buildings at a greater distance.

Skyscrapers have steel skeleton construction to which is attached a facing of masonry. Much of the masonry might be ripped off the buildings and would cascade into the narrow streets of the financial district. Streets blocked with debris obviously would be impassable even to the best disaster equipment. Present-day fire-fighting equipment cannot operate over streets strewn with even minor debris. Under

such conditions, fire, once started, would rage unchecked. The blast damage from this surface burst would be quite localized and would be small compared with what a high air burst can do. This is why we think that the high air burst should be considered the most probable form of attack.

Those who expect that the City Hall would be completely vaporized overestimate the power of the bomb. They should remember that at Alamogordo the base of the 100-foot iron tower still remained intact. Even objects only 100 feet from the center of the bomb explosion were not completely destroyed. They should also remember that the bomb crater at Alamogordo was only 300 feet in diameter and quite shallow. This area, which is still detectably radioactive, is by no means dangerous today and was a hazard for only a short time.

In a basement burst, primary radiation from the fission process would be somewhat restricted, due to the shielding effect of the closely spaced buildings. It would certainly not be comparable to that from an air burst, as at Nagasaki. As the explosion vented itself into the air, it would carry with it most of the radioactive products of the bomb, although radioactivity at the bomb site would remain for some time. The neutron flash could be expected to cause some activity in nearby structures but this would not be a major hazard.

Manhattan has two dense clumps of skyscrapers, one in the financial district at the tip of the island and the

other just east of Times Square. Here each day the subways, buses, and trains disgorge some 3 million people who work in Manhattan. In such a tiny space there would not be sufficient room unless people were stacked one on top of another and this is virtually what is done in a skyscraper city. Before the atomic bomb this seemed a reasonable procedure, although it did cause some difficulties in transportation, water supply, and housing.

Let us consider what an atomic bomb would do to midtown Manhattan if it were burst over the intersection of 42nd St. and 5th Ave. We shall explode our hypothetical bomb about 1,000 feet above the street, or 200 feet below the tip of the Empire State building. We must consider three effects of the bomb: the flash of heat, the flash of penetrating radiation, and the blast wave. In a city like New York, especially in the midtown area, the heat flash would not be too important, for more fires would probably start from secondary origin than from direct ignition.

More significant to the population would be the instantaneous burst of gamma rays that would flash out from the bomb. We believe this radiation would give a deadly dose to a person in the open at a distance of slightly less than one mile. The Empire State building is more than 2,000 feet from the site of the explosion. People in this building would receive a dose of gamma rays about 15 times the lethal amount. No other buildings would shield this colossus from the direct

flash of radiation and the shielding effect of its walls would be very slight. The Empire State is remarkable for its light construction; in addition it has a large window area, which would freely admit the radiation. At this distance from the burst, a person inside the structure would have to be shielded on all sides by about 20 inches of concrete to survive. This is little consolation, for the blast effect on the building would also be spectacular. The building would not be toppled by the blast wave because the panel-type walls would blow off first, leaving a skeletal framework. People in the upper stories would be blown right out of the building.

Strangely enough, buildings closer to the center of the blast probably would suffer less damage than the Empire State because of shielding effects and because the blast wave would not hit them directly from the side. Structures like Radio City and the Chrysler building would be hard hit and in them the loss of life would be high. Those skyscrapers tower 800 feet skyward and one of them may contain as many as 30,000 people. The city would have to receive an alert at least an hour before the attack if these structures were to be evacuated and the people safely housed in subways or other shelters. Directly under the center of the blast, people in the subways would be unaffected either by the blast or the radiation. They would be perfectly safe. People farther from the center of the blast would also be safe if they were in the lower floors of

buildings shielded from the radiation flash.

It is difficult to estimate the number of people likely to be killed by this hypothetical explosion. If there were no adequate alert and no effective evacuation, our estimates show that about 200,000 people would die and 250,000 more would be injured. These figures are somewhat conservative; they could run higher, but if there were an early alert and people followed a well-worked-out disaster plan, the casualties would be sharply reduced.

A photograph of Manhattan at night would show us why these figures are so high. Note the number of windows shining in the night. Here is the Achilles' heel of New York. For the very windows that admit light also offer no barrier to the primary radiation from the bomb. They make skyscrapers into virtual "radiation cells" in which people would be irradiated like bees in a hive. By their height and limited means of getting out, skyscrapers prevent people from fleeing in time of peril. They cannot be made strong enough to support sufficient masonry for real protection against radiation.

The lesson is more than clear. It is not necessary to cite further details about Manhattan. Such cities are cities of the past.

Indirectly, the atomic bomb offers a rare opportunity for greatly improving our living conditions. Our large cities have been growing larger, resulting in more crowded streets and tenement houses. Now that the bomb is

here and we are not certain that we can live in peace with our global neighbors, we must start at once to reduce our target attractiveness by dispersion. If this is done properly we will at the same time greatly increase our urban well-being. The bomb is forcing a social revolution comparable in scope to the revolution brought about by steam and electric power. The same technology that developed the bomb should be able to solve the problem of this social revolution and lead the nation to a better, safer way of life.

In recommending dispersion we do not advise the immediate evacuation of our large cities, with a subsequent rebuilding in less concentrated form. Such drastic removal would have economic and psychological consequences comparable to those of a mass underground movement. At present we have our large cities and we are stuck with them. But we might start a decentralization movement and gradually reduce population and industrial concentrations so that in 10 or 20 years there would be fewer lush targets.

Buildings and factories become obsolete or unsafe for occupancy and must be torn down or replaced. In most cities the tendency has been to replace them with taller structures to gain more space from given areas of land. Some obsolete structures could be torn down and not replaced. The activities could be relocated in accordance with some prepared plan. Then a gradual decentralization would result. Isolated skyscrapers do not warrant expenditure of an atomic bomb,

but concentrations of large buildings make ideal targets.

To be successful, dispersion must be according to plan and must be ordered or directed. Individuals must be made to see the desirability of such moves and must choose new locations with guidance but without pressure. It does not appear feasible to work out a national master plan for decentralization. Local geography and the particular requirements of the individual industries must govern the actual details.

A good decentralization program would not only reduce the target attractiveness. It would also improve the living conditions for many people now crowded into our larger cities. Many people could exchange concrete for green grass. Automobile parking, an acute problem in practically every city, could be more adequate in a properly decentralized development. The per-capita numbers of suicides and most major crimes are definitely higher in urban communities, and the effect of crowded living conditions on juvenile delinquency is well known. With proper decentralization these problems should decrease.

It is probable that there is a certain size of city which operates with the greatest efficiency. In smaller cities some of the facilities of the larger units cannot be operated with profit. In larger cities sheer bulk makes for traffic congestion. The exact size of the most efficient city is difficult to determine, but there is evidence that it is not far from 100,000. This is just about the marginal size which, barring spe-

cial considerations, makes a city a possible target for an atom bomb. If the units in a decentralized development were kept under this figure each would be a rather poor investment for the atomic bomber, yet each would be a relatively self-sufficient entity.

In planning decentralization, care must be given to the location of certain critical facilities. Much of the horror of Nagasaki was caused by the almost complete destruction of hospitals. Obviously, any new medical construction should be located after considering how near it is to attractive bomb targets. Hospitals, public utilities, fire and police stations are examples of facilities that should be located only after careful planning.

There are some indications of a trend toward decentralization. Steel facilities have been opened up on the west coast and some plants are locating on the outskirts of cities rather than seeking sites near the centers. Some industries have found that manufacturing costs are lower in smaller communities and are leading the way to adequate dispersal. There is a slight movement of city dwellers toward suburban housing but many of these developments are in the higher-price brackets, and in many cases public transportation is inadequate. These slight trends suggest that decentralization is not an idealist's dream but a practical solution to several of our national problems.

Like insurance, dispersion is protection against a disaster we hope will never come.

Teamwork pays off

Coyotes Cooperate

By J. FRANK DOBIE

Condensed chapter
of a book*



THE fang-and-claw conception of wild life has been overemphasized. There is actually a great deal of cooperation. Weasels and badgers will pick up and carry away an injured comrade; a blind pelican in Utah was kept well fed by other pelicans on fish they had to carry 30 miles; two crows brought food to a wounded crow in a hollow tree. When I was a boy, my brothers, an older sister, and I rescued a half dozen or more young grackles that had been dislodged from their nests by wind and rain. We placed them in a keg filled with straw, set the keg on the roof of a shed near the trees in which the grackles nested, and watched adult birds feed them until they were ready to fly. Now and then, a fresh cow on the range permits an orphan calf to suck, and finally claims it. Coyote cooperation seems most cunning, at times taking the form of carefully prearranged strategy.

"As Barnes Tillous and I rode along," Bob Beverly, an old cowboy of open-range days, says, "we spotted a large bunch of cranes in the grass about a mile off some near-by lakes. They were gathered close together and

standing with necks stretched up as high as they could stretch them. They seemed to be intent on watching something. Then I noticed a coyote in the grass, off about 400 yards, turning somersaults and running round and round, keeping all the cranes intent on him.

"I saw another coyote slipping along, nearly crawling on the ground, keeping a bunch of sagebrush between him and the cranes. We sat there on our horses watching the show. As the crawling coyote got nearer and nearer, the one that was doing the acting jumped higher and cut more capers. He was working faster and faster to hold the attention of the cranes.

"In a little while the creeping coyote got within 30 yards of the cranes. He made a jump, and ran full speed for them. Sand-hill cranes require some time to take off, and the coyote caught one before it left the ground. The actor coyote had farther to run, and by the time he got to the spot all the cranes were gone except the one held by his *compadre*. He grabbed it, and right there they tore the crane in two and ate it."

*The Voice of the Coyote. Copyright 1949 by the author. Reprinted by permission of the publisher, Little, Brown & Co., 34 Beacon St., Boston, 6, Mass.

One summer afternoon while walking along the shore of Yellowstone lake, M. P. Skinner, Yellowstone field naturalist, saw a few pelicans fishing in water beyond a large boulder on the beach. Between the shore and not distant woods stretched a grassy meadow. Mr. Skinner noticed two coyotes sneaking up through the grass to the boulder, one full grown and the other smaller, probably a female and one of her pups. To get to the pelicans, any animal of prey would have to expose himself, and exposure would certainly alarm them. The coyotes, hidden from the pelicans, waited behind the boulder for five minutes or so; then the grown coyote waved her tail so that the pelicans could see the tip. Their curiosity was evident, and they began to wade haltingly shoreward. Still, they were too cautious to come all the way. After more waiting, the grown coyote dashed out on the beach; the birds were safe against a surprise catch—and they knew it.

The half-grown coyote was still hidden from them. The other one, after sitting still for a short while and watching the big birds, began running up and down on the beach, "catching up bits of wood and throwing them into the air, chasing her tail, crouching and making sudden springs into the air." Then she trotted off up the meadow without a glance backward. The pelicans were still curious. Perhaps they were remembering the wavering object they had seen at the boulder. They began nearing it, where the little coyote waited. At this juncture,

a big elk crashed out of the forest with a snort and scared the young coyote away. He went trotting up the meadow, the way the old coyote had gone, the elk after him.

Sure now that they were safe, the pelicans came ashore. A swift dash from an unexpected quarter showed that they were wrong. A third coyote, hitherto unseen by the watching naturalist, sprang out of the grass and caught a pelican, which he threw "across his shoulder" and carried up the meadow after the others.

A teacher in a school for boys near Colorado Springs told me this story. One morning he observed two coyotes sneaking along the margin of a lake in which ducks were feeding. The ducks were out of reach, but to make themselves doubly safe flew to the other side. After a while they began diving for food among reed stalks. The next morning the teacher saw the ducks at the same place they had been the morning before, and saw a coyote—only one—come along and scare them across the lake. They kept out in the open a considerable time before they went to feeding against the reeds. Finally one got in close to the bank, and a coyote, presumably a confederate of the first one, grabbed it.

One time H. C. (Pete) Gamison told me he watched a pair of coyotes out to catch a prairie dog. They tracked leisurely along, one right behind the other, towards the edge of a prairie-dog town. A great chattering arose. The prairie dog they headed for could see only the lead coyote, the

one behind keeping his head down and his body hidden by that of the first. When near the mound on which this prairie dog stood nervously scolding, the lead coyote made a rush, and of course the prairie dog ducked. The sun was shining from a clear sky, and the coyote's leap over the hole darkened it. He went on, other prairie dogs chattering and ducking, the noise growing dimmer as he passed.

But the second coyote had stopped when the first one leaped, flattening himself out behind the dog mound. There he waited for the prairie dog to come up. After a considerable while, it reappeared, looking intently towards the enemy that had passed but was still in sight. It is the nature of a prairie dog to look for what has scared him. He is so low on the ground that his vision across level terrain is limited; he sits up on his tail to see better and barks. While this one was indulging its nature, barking at the same time, the coyote accomplice made a leap and caught it. Then there was a tussle over the morsel, the two coyotes tearing it to pieces and devouring it.

A trail driver and old-time cowman named J. W. Maltsberger, of Cotulla, Texas, gave me this account. On the plains, early one morning many years ago, he saw a coyote stopping up prairie-dog holes with dirt. After stopping up a few holes, the coyote retired some distance and sat down to look. He did not have to wait a great while before prairie dogs, eager to get to their breakfast, began coming out. The coyote kept quiet until one of them moved

out towards the holes he had just plugged. Then he made a dash for it. The prairie dog, cut off from retreating into its own burrow, made for a neighbor's. But the door was closed. For a second the prairie dog hesitated at the refuge so unexpectedly gone. The hesitation cost him his life.

Coyotes habitually relay each other in chasing the jack rabbit. While both are on a dead run, a coyote will, with an upward pitch of his nose, sometimes knock the jack high into the air and grab it with his mouth as it comes down. At the end of a chase by two coyotes that I once saw, the one that caught a rabbit came so close to me, standing by a bush, that he got scared and dropped the rabbit. Going downhill, a coyote can gain, but uphill and on level ground the jack rabbit has the advantage. If it did not circle, it could probably run away from nearly any coyote, but pursued animals circle, like a lost man. Thus, two or three coyotes working together can take turns cutting across circles and making stands.

George Bigford of Texas said that one day he saw about eight coyotes rounding up a considerable number of jack rabbits, bringing them into a loose huddle from various directions. The coyotes had no pen to drive them into, as human rabbit drivers usually have. They simply got the rabbits into a concentration, approaching from all sides, in the way that Pueblo Indians of New Mexico round up rabbits. Then one coyote dashed in, the others quickly following. They were so close

in and the rabbits were so numerous and so confused in scattering every which way that every coyote appeared to make a catch.

The hounding of antelopes sometimes proves to be a dangerous business for coyotes and disproves the popular idea that the coyote never takes risks on his game. Ray Williams, who was for several years employed by the Texas Game commission to study the antelope, told me that one June he watched eight grown antelopes run a coyote for 12 miles. It finally took refuge in a thornless bush called *clepino*. There the antelopes jumped on him with their knived hoofs. A buck hooked him out, dead. Antelope defense, and even aggression, against coyotes is well established.

The grown antelopes destroyed by coyotes are oftener than not, it seems, sick or disabled; the same is true of grown deer. However, if deer retreat, coyotes know how to drive them into disadvantageous positions. One trick is to get them into deep-crusting snow. The sharp-hoofed ones break through it at every jump, while on padded feet the lightweights skim across it, to surround and finally bring down the deer. In soft shallow snow, the slim-legged deer may have the advantage.

In being chased as well as chasing, the coyote shows his instinct for co-operation. Pete Crawford used to tell how he and two other men were driving in a car over miles-wide tobosa (grass) flats when they saw a coyote. They turned after it and soon overtook it, but its sharp turns kept them going

for seven miles. By this time the coyote was so exhausted that it had great difficulty in dodging away from the wheels. Then a second coyote suddenly appeared and put itself right in front of the car. After running alongside the exhausted coyote for a bit, it gradually angled away, seemingly in an attempt to draw the car after it. "It acted like a bird trying to entice a person away from its nest. There could be no doubt that it was trying to help the winded coyote." Pete Crawford and his companions took the dare, just for the sake of sport, but about this time the played-out coyote got through a fence, and both of them made away.

It is not uncommon for a coyote, the female especially, when her immature offspring are being chased by hounds, to spring in behind a pup, zigzag back and forth across the trail, and linger until the hounds get close enough to follow her. If they follow, and only the best-trained hounds resist such a temptation to switch, she will strike out in a direction contrary to that taken by her young one. In the Frio county brush of south Texas, hunters came to know well a pair of coyotes that they named Jim and Ma Ferguson. If the dogs started Jim Ferguson and got hot after him, he would circle into Ma Ferguson's vicinity, and before long the dogs would be after her. If they started Ma, sometimes with a half-grown pup, she would be relieved in time by Jim. They afforded sport to hunters for four or five years, and as far as is known, neither of this pair ever was hounded down.

Santa Fe's Mission of Mercy

By CAROL HUGHES

Condensed from *Coronet**



IT WAS 4:10 A.M. on Christmas eve in Santa Fe, N. Mex. Sister M. Theophane Shoemaker sat up sleepily as the telephone bell cut sharply through the convent silence. Her quiet voice said: "Maternity Institute."

An excited voice replied, "You come now, hurry, please! Mamma she need you."

After a few questions, Sister Theophane said, "Tell mother I'll be there shortly."

She dressed quickly in the darkness so that the other nuns would not be disturbed. Downstairs, she hurried to the record room of the Catholic Maternity Institute and took some notes from her patient's chart. Then, checking her bag to see that thermometer, baby scales, silver nitrate, green soap, and all the rest of her equipment were intact, she picked up a stethoscope and medical kit and headed for the door.

As she crossed the yard to her car, she glanced up at the sky—not a sign of light yet. She shivered a little as she pulled on her worn gloves and looked wistfully toward the Sangre de Cristo mountains. A storm was gathering,

and ahead lay a 40-mile stretch of desert.

Sister Theophane increased her speed. Finally, there was a little sign above the mining town, wishing a Merry Christmas to all; then a sharp turn to the right, a steep hill, then a walk over a dirt path to the little house. A soft voice said from the bed, "Oh, Sister, I am so glad you are here."

Everything was in readiness for the baby's birth. On a chair by the old wood-burning stove were diapers and a little blanket. A market basket had been turned into a crib by the worn hands of Mr. Martinez, a wood carver. After taking the patient's temperature and pulse, Sister Theophane sat down to wait out the long vigil, as she had done a thousand times before.

Sister Theophane had much to remember about her mission to Santa Fe. As a nurse-midwife to poverty-stricken mothers, she recalled hundreds of nights of driving alone, hour after hour, to some Indian pueblo or the shanty of an unemployed Mexican family.

It had begun on a bleak November day in 1943 when two Sisters arrived

*Reprinted from *June, 1949, Coronet*. Copyright, 1949, by Esquire, Inc., Coronet building, 66

at Santa Fe. They wore soft gray habits, with royal-blue veils about their faces. They were young and highly educated. In all the world there were just about 150 of their Order, and the usual mission had been to India.

They were two of the Medical Mission Sisters, equipped and qualified as nurse-midwives. They had come to New Mexico because it was the one place in America that offered the most urgent need for their services. The U.S. Public Health Service in 1945 had given the state the highest infant-mortality rate in the Union.

It was heartbreaking work in the beginning. The Sisters fought snow by day and often worked by lantern at night. They drove cars and walked miles, carrying bags and medical kits. But the physical handicaps were mild compared to their responsibilities. It is one thing to be on maternity service in a hospital where an obstetrician is always within call; it is quite another to be on your own, 30 miles from town in a desert village with no phone, and the lives of a mother and child in your hands.

The two women had come well-equipped for their job. They were Sister M. Helen Herb and Sister Theophane, both trained at the Maternity Center Association School for Nurse-Midwifery in New York City. The shocking figures published by the Public Health Service had brought together the Archbishop of Santa Fe, the New Mexico Department of Health and the U. S. Children's bureau to at-

tempt some solution. The archbishop invited two of the Medical Mission Sisters to come to Santa Fe. He arranged for them to begin work at the Catholic Clinic, which already offered prenatal service to the community.

For ten months the Sisters labored, going out at all hours of day and night, making all deliveries in homes, and often working 20 hours without rest. The number of infant deaths decreased; but in their hearts the Sisters knew that other help must be provided somehow. Larger quarters were needed for the maternity-care program, as was a school to train others to be nurse-midwives.

In August, 1944, the Sisters were able to rent an old house six blocks from the Plaza, the heart of Santa Fe, and in February, 1945, they officially opened the Nurse-Midwifery school, affiliated with the Catholic University of America, Washington, D.C.

"And then," laughs Sister Theophane, "we really *did* go to work."

No person is better equipped for the job of director than Sister Theophane, slender, blue-eyed, pretty and gay. When Sister Helen was sent back to the motherhouse, the Catholic Institute brought in Sister M. Michael Waters, as co-worker. Now there are five Sisters at the institute.

Sister Theophane is the guiding hand. She directs the institute, delivers babies, gives lectures, and has found time to write a comprehensive history of nurse-midwifery in the U. S.

She has no idea "how many babies she has delivered." She does not con-

sider that her lonely vigils and her all-night work are any more than the job calls for. Candidly she says: "I know some writers would like to whoop a bit about our work, but there ought to be recognition for the help the New Mexico Public Health department and the U.S. Children's bureau have given."

One of three such institutes in America (the other two are the Frontier Nursing service in Kentucky and the Maternity Center association in New York), the Santa Fe Nurse-Midwifery school is always busy. The faculty consists of five full-time nurse-midwives, two clinic obstetricians, and a pediatrician who teaches. The school is open to Catholics and non-Catholics; the course runs six months. Professional registered nurses who have had at least two years' experience and a minimum of two months' training in public-health nursing are eligible.

To the outsider, clinic day at the institute is full of pathos and tragedy. On that day, any and all come to the Sisters and unceremoniously drop various burdens in their laps. The day may bring up to 30 people from all walks of life.

A girl of 17 comes in. Her dress is threadbare. Her face is too sad and taut for one so young. She has come to the end of the trail, for she is one of the unwed ones. She seems to know that life must go on, but doesn't know why.

An old Mexican appears in shabby overalls. He says simply, "You come. Doctor say mama has TB. Baby sick."

One of the gray-clad Sisters rises quietly and follows him out. They had known the worst, but had sent a doctor to tell him. Now his shoulders straighten a bit, as if he knows that things will somehow be better: the Sister is going with him.

All day the room is filled with little people trying to face a life that momentarily has them by the scruff of the neck. Amidst so much heartbreak, the Sisters move with smiles and gentle words, and somehow the burdens seem to lift for a moment.

Meanwhile, one of the most important institute activities is taking place in the mothers' class upstairs. Here the young and the old are learning all about taking care of their babies. Here are happiness and good humor, interest and fun. For one of the Sisters is showing the mothers how to bathe their babies and how to feed them, and the fearful part of birth is over.

A film shows all the steps of baby care immediately after birth. Then the Sister, knowing that many of the mothers have never before seen a film, takes a life-size doll, a tub, warm water, thermometer, oil, washcloths and inevitable diapers, and gives a practical demonstration. And a slow but steady decline is taking place in infant mortality.

At 5 o'clock in the afternoon, Sister Theophane returns from her long Christmas-eve vigil. Gleefully she tells the other Sisters of the nine-pound boy she has delivered to the happy Martinez family. Then she begins the task of cleaning the delivery bag and

sterilizing the instruments. There are no nurses nor hospital attendants waiting to do the work. Even before she goes to bed that night, another call may come.

But there is a happy smile on her tired face, for, to Sister Theophane,

life offers no higher calling than her ministry to those builders of future worlds. Quietly she says, "One never knows what lies in the heart and future of a child in an adobe hut. Once there was an Abraham Lincoln: he must have looked pretty hopeless, too."



This Struck Me

AS FALL approaches and vacations end, the annual question is asked, "Should we send them to a Catholic school? None of Jane's friends is there; John's best pals are at the University. It will be such a shame if they can't be together."

But the issues are larger than all of this—bigger even than John or Jane—your destiny and mine. Now as never before Catholic parents must face them and make decisions carefully. No one has said why so forcefully as Thomas Merton in his book. His experiences in American education so vividly described there warrant the lines which struck me:*

I am overwhelmed at the thought of the tremendous weight of moral responsibility that Catholic parents accumulate upon their shoulders by not sending their children to Catholic schools. Is it any wonder that there can be no peace in the world where everything possible is done to guarantee that the youth of every nation will grow up absolutely without moral and religious discipline and without the shadow of an interior life, or of that spirituality and charity and faith which alone can safeguard the treaties and agreements made by governments? And Catholics, thousands of Catholics everywhere, have the consummate audacity to weep and complain because God does not hear their prayers for peace, when they have neglected not only His will but the ordinary dictates of natural reason and prudence, and let their children grow up according to the standards of a civilization of hyenas.

**The Seven Storey Mountain (1948, Harcourt, Brace & Company, N. Y. \$3.)*

For similar contributions of this length with an explanatory introduction \$25 will be paid on publication. We are sorry, but it will be impossible to acknowledge or return contributions. Acceptance will be determined as much by your comment as by the selection.

Artist in cartilage



New Faces—

New Lives

By DAVID ANDERSON and
ROBERT CROMIE

Condensed from *This Week**

MANY scientists have long believed that your face and physical appearance have a real effect on the kind of life you lead. In Chicago one such scientist has put this theory into practice with startling results.

He is Dr. John F. Pick, one of America's leading plastic surgeons. For years now he has made a practice of keeping his appointment calendar free every Wednesday.

On that day the wealthy Chicagoans who wish their noses bobbed or their faces lifted must take their business elsewhere. Dr. Pick closes up his office and drives 45 miles with his nurse to Stateville penitentiary. There he spends the whole day operating free on prisoners with physical deformities.

Dr. Pick, a slim, gray man of 48, began operating 12 years ago on deformed convicts to test plastic surgery as a crime preventer. Pick calls his work "the surgery of human behavior." As nearly as he and other medical men can tell, it is the first experiment of its kind in the world, and, as he says, is still incomplete. Another ten years will tell a more conclusive story,

he believes. But to the hundreds of men who formerly were habitual criminals the experiment has proved this fact: plastic surgery scientifically applied can change two and three-time losers into decent, honest men.

Over the 12 years, with time out to act as chief plastic surgeon of the 4th Army Command, Dr. Pick has reconstructed the jaws, noses, mouths, palates, legs, feet, hands, and skins of more than 500 Illinois convicts. And all it has cost the state is the lunch he and his nurse eat every Wednesday in the apartment of Warden Joseph E. Ragen.

"Operation Stateville" began in 1937 as a result of a lecture Dr. Pick gave after returning from abroad. He described the latest techniques he had seen in Europe and made the point that the value of plastic surgery to mankind was as much psychological as physical. Straightening the bent arm or leg of a patient who feels bitter because of his physical defect may straighten a bent personality.

In the audience was Dr. Frank J. Chmelik, who this year completed 21 years as Stateville's chief surgeon. Dr.

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Chmelik thought about the deformities of many of the prison's 4,500 inmates. For years he had been aware that the percentage of deformed men ran higher inside the Big House than outside. There was, he felt, a tie-in between prisoners' freak-like looks and the fact that they found themselves in jail.

After the talk Dr. Chmelik told Pick about his observations at Stateville. "Many times," Dr. Chmelik said, "I would ask prisoners if it wasn't smarter to go straight than to get into trouble that would send them to jail for a greater part of their lives. Some, the deformed and ugly ones, would say, 'What's the use? I look like a thug and I couldn't get a decent job if I wanted one.'"

As a result of their talk Dr. Pick went to Stateville. Warden Ragen invited him to operate "every day if you can" on any prisoner who needed and asked for plastic surgery. There was only one condition. Photographs must be taken before and after each operation for the prison's identification file. Warden Ragen was taking no chances on criminals having their appearance altered in order to fool the police when they got out of jail.

Over the 12 years, Dr. Pick has performed 800 corrective operations on more than 500 Stateville inmates. There have been no deaths and not one post-operative complication. That, says Dr. Pick, is a tribute to the skill of Stateville's own hospital staff, which includes prisoner nurses and technicians, most of whom are jail-trained.

The waiting list of volunteer patients, never fewer than 50, today is more than 200. Most of the 500 convicts on whom Pick has operated have been released, but the prison hasn't lost track of them.

The records show this startling fact: only 5% of the prisoners whose deformities have been corrected by plastic surgery have gone back to jail. The return-to-prison figure for the entire Stateville population is 17%.

"This," says Ragen, "is proof of a connection between deformity and crime in at least some of the prison population. That doesn't mean, naturally, that all persons with physical deformities resort to crime, nor does it mean that crime can always be blamed on people with physical deformities. All it means is that deformities and defects have a bearing on turning some people to crime, because of a deep-seated feeling of inferiority set up by their appearance."

Dr. Pick's first six patients at Stateville were problem prisoners. Each had a pronounced physical defect. The first was a young man born with "upside-down" ears. The second had a foot injury and had lost his heel. He limped so badly he couldn't hold a job on the outside. No. 3 had no nose. The fourth had been born with webbed hands and feet. The fifth was covered from brow to ankle with hundreds of painful tumors.

No. 6 was a man with an ugly face. He never had committed a crime until the day his seven-year-old son shielded away from him and cried, "Daddy,

you look just like a bad man. Why don't you change your face?" That day the father salved his wounded feelings by pulling a stickup.

Within several months Dr. Pick had righted the "upside-down" ears, made a new heel for the limping prisoner and molded a nose from cartilage and bone for the man who had none. He had corrected the webbed hands and feet for No. 4; removed the tumors from the body of the fifth man and sculptured a new face for No. 6.

All were later released. One, who became a garage owner, has since died of natural causes. The others lead the lives of ordinary, law-obeying citizens.

In prison, as on the outside, society gives nicknames to the deformed. A limping man gets to be known as Gimp. An earless man is Ear-Off, or just plain Ear. An ugly man is Ape Face, Monkey Face, Horse Face, each monicker a reminder of the stigma. All too often the physical defects of men create psychological deformities that lead to prison.

As soon as the bandages came off Pick's first six patients, the waiting line for operations began to grow. The claims by prisoners to be first in line got so troublesome that Warden Ragen scheduled operations first for those up for parole or discharge. Exceptions were lifers and long-termers whose morale might be lifted by immediate operations.

Dr. Pick refuses to draw any hard-and-fast conclusions about this experiment, but he does say that "A physical deformity, although usually only a

contributing factor, can be a dominant cause of crime. Eliminate this disability and the chances are good that the individual will have lost his bitterness at the world and society and, many times, will become a law-abiding citizen again.

"The removal of defects makes the individual more confident of his re-entry into society. I have seen instances of that renewed confidence take place as soon as the prisoner looked into a mirror.

"There are a few cases, however—only a minute number—where crime has become a habit and a change in appearance results only in a change in the crime. A common thief, for instance, when released may move up the criminal social ladder to become a confidence man."

A couple of years ago Dr. Pick got a phone call from a man who said he was a physician. He gave a name Pick didn't catch. Then he asked the price for rebuilding a complete ear for one of his patients. Pick told him \$3,000 and forgot about the call.

One Wednesday a few months ago the warden phoned Pick in the prison hospital to tell him about a new prisoner who pleaded to see the doctor.

In a few minutes a sullen 24-year-old prisoner with only one ear stood in the doorway. His head was turned so that only his good side showed. "It's all your fault I'm in jail. I wouldn't be doing time if it wasn't for you." Then he said he was the man who had phoned two years ago to ask the fee for a new ear.

"I've been trying all my life to get a new ear," he continued. "Three or four years ago I saw one doctor, and he said \$12,000, but he got scared to do it. Another doctor wanted \$7,000, but he wouldn't take the job either, it turned out. Well, I called you. I wanted you to do it, but at that time I didn't have the price. So I went out to get the three grand, the hard way. It was my first stickup and now I'm here for 28 months."

The prisoner, a farmer, had lost his ear in an auto wreck when he was two. His father had died in the same accident. Pick listened to his story, then made him a guarantee: "You'll get your ear before you leave this place."

The prisoner already has the beginnings of a new ear made from bone, cartilage, and skin from his own body. What's more, says Dr. Pick, his hearing, which was impaired by the accident, should be totally restored.

The making of an ear is difficult and complicated. The surgeon takes the necessary cartilage from the patient's rib, carves it so that it will fit into flaps of hairless skin. The surgeon sews and splits it, and after healing has taken place it becomes a living appendage. If the surgeon has done a good job, it will in time resemble a normal ear.

Dr. Pick, however, readily concedes that the methods for making an ear still are more or less in a trial stage. "No one yet has succeeded in doing the job as well as nature did in the first place," he says.

They used to call Pete, Saddle Nose. He's 52, a husky, gray-haired man who looks younger than most 45-year-olds on the outside. Up to Jan. 29, 1947, when Pick operated on him for more than two hours, this man had a circus clown's nose, a Cyrano de Bergerac toboggan slide that ended in a massive, tragic puffball of flesh. "Sure it bothered me," he says. "I never looked in a mirror. I knew what I'd see." But now his nose is fairly straight, neither long nor short, and so normal you wouldn't glance at it twice.

Pete has just been discharged after a 20-year stretch. He went out with a trade, tailoring, which he learned in the prison clothing shop. About his early life he is vague. "Just knocked around," he says. "Didn't have much sense, I guess. I couldn't get a job that meant anything—not with a schnozz like mine." Wherever he went he was cast in the role of a clown. He fenced off the stares and snickers with forced laughter. It's not hard to see why he is in jail.

"For two years I was on the heist (armed robbery)," he said. "Then I got caught and I went down for ten-to-life." In or out of jail, his nickname, Saddle Nose, stuck. In 1942 he got his name on Dr. Pick's list. A month before he was to be operated on, Dr. Pick went into the army.

"You can believe this or not, but I'm glad I didn't get out during that time," Pete said. "Even though it was five more years in jail, it was worth waiting. See, I know what woulda happened—the same thing all over again. I'd

a been back. Now I'll never be back. I got a trade, I got more sense—and I got a schnozz that looks like everybody else's. Doc's a wonderful guy."

Another of Dr. Pick's patients is Louie the Lip, a thin, 22-year-old Tennessean with big brown eyes, a nose as thick as a banana and nearly as long, a cleft palate and harelip. He has been at Stateville for six months, has 28 more to go. When he first came, he could speak only in a series of grunts and honks. His cell-mates refused to believe that he had been sentenced on a charge of operating a confidence game. How, they wanted to know, could Louie, who was able only to lisp, wheeze and honk, be a con man, whose stock in trade is a glib tongue? But con man he was, ever since he was 14 years old.

All told, Louie cashed 500 to 1,000 rubber checks for sums that ranged anywhere from \$5 to \$500. "I just didn't look dishonest," he says. "Nobody figured that anybody looking like I did would try to work anything. I was too easily identified, they figured."

But what made Louie get into the con game? Psychologically, the reason probably is the same as that which caused Demosthenes, an incurable stammerer, to become an orator.

So far, Louie has had three operations on his nose and mouth, but Dr. Pick is only half finished. The doctor has given him an upper lip (cut from his massive lower one) and now he has started work on the palate and the inside of his nose. In time, he will streamline Louie's lower jawbone

from the inside of the mouth so that the teeth will mesh together. All his life Louie has had to eat soft foods because he couldn't chew properly.

Final step in the case, one of Dr. Pick's most difficult, will be to chisel Louie's nose down to normal size and give it a shape that will fit the rest of his new features.

Louie can speak a little better now. "If the Doc stopped right here, I'd be satisfied to do this rap," he said. "You couldn't understand me at all before. When the Doc gets through, I'm gonna be okay and I'm gonna stay that way."

Some deformed prisoners have no hope that their defects can be repaired. There was King, 39, who reported to the hospital because his legs hurt. The physician was more interested in King's right hand, which he had a habit of holding behind his back out of sight. The index and large fingers were webbed, grown solidly together to the first knuckle. The ring and little finger, as if to make up for this mistake, were slit halfway down the palm. King had been born that way. The physician sent the prisoner to Dr. Pick.

King was skeptical, but he figured it this way. He was down for seven to 15 years. He had a lot of time. If the doctor wanted to try, why, that was okay with him. What could he lose?

Now King has had the first operation and he is not as skeptical as he was. The palm between the ring and little fingers no longer is divided. There is a scar, but that will get fainter in time. King is now waiting for

operation No. 2, which will unlock the first and large fingers. He told us, "You know, all my life they been calling me Crawfish for a nickname. But now I don't hear that monicker so much. It's sorta easing away."

King has four youngsters. One of them he has never seen. On the outside he was a holdup man from time to time. Even when he wasn't on a "heist," he carried a gun in his pocket. "This time I caught a finger (identification) for a heist I never did," he said. "I done plenty of them that I got away with, but this one *was* a bum rap."

Of course, there is no guarantee that fixing King's hand will fix his behavior in the future. But repairing his hand will remove one reason for King's lifetime feeling of inferiority and bitterness.

One Wednesday a couple of years ago a prisoner with a bleeding finger was rushed into the prison hospital. He had caught the finger in a machine in the furniture factory and had cut off the tip.

"Where's the rest of it?" Dr. Pick wanted to know.

A guard told him it had been tossed away in a garbage pail.

"Get it, and hurry," Pick ordered.

Fifteen minutes later Dr. Pick had sewed the tip back on, bandaged the finger, and sent the prisoner to his cell. Except for a scar, the finger is whole again.

The prison-guard captain, J. A. Dort, tells another story about Pick's handiwork.

"A few years ago we had a prisoner

who was the meanest, most ornery man you'd ever want to meet. Nobody could get along with him.

"He worried all the time about a dark spot on his chest. It kept growing, and he was going nuts. He thought he had cancer. Well, he got so bad, he wouldn't talk to anybody. Then Dr. Pick did a job on him. He took off his piece of dark skin and gave him a new piece. You should see the guy now. He's always grinning—the happiest man I ever saw in jail."

The prison officials all have high hopes that the state will underwrite the project some day. They would like to see it made a routine medical and psychiatric treatment in all Illinois penal institutions. Nothing has been done so far but the warden and the other officials are hoping. Some day, they say, the project will spread to other prisons in America and become just as routine as dentistry.

Sometimes Pick himself thinks he spends too much time with his project. Several times he has threatened to give it up, because it was interfering so much with his private practice. But each time Ragen has talked him out of it.

Actually Pick can't quit and he admits it. Whenever he thinks of quitting, something a convict technician said to him one day in the prison hospital flashes to his mind. The prisoner-technician was sorting the doctor's chrome instruments.

"Doctor," he said, "if you ever stop working here, there'll be a lot of heart-broken kids in this Big House."

"All Israel shall be saved"

Next Year in Jerusalem

By S. O'RIORDAN, C.S.S.R.

Condensed from the *Redemptorist Record**

THE beginning of the Christian era found most of the Jewish people living outside Palestine. Wars, deportations, the poverty of the Palestinian soil, and the adaptable talents of the race itself combined to disperse them. Abroad they readily fitted into their surroundings. They adopted the language and personal names of Gentile neighbors. Even in Palestine, Hebrew survived only as the language of Jewish learning and liturgy. As the spoken language, it had been ousted by Aramaic, a more widely used tongue of the same Semitic group.

Catastrophes that befell Jews century by century from 70 A.D. onwards at last reduced them to a small minority in the land of their fathers. In 1845 there were 12,000 Jews in Palestine under Turkish rule. Now, however, an independent state of Israel, self-confident and aggressive, has a Hebrew-speaking population of nearly a million. It has a new, thriving agricultural and industrial life. The creation of this Israel marks the triumph of Zionism.

Scattered in ghettos all through the world but united by common memories and hopes, the Jews had always cherished the hope of one day return-

ing to Palestine. During the 19th century this hope took on a romantic and passionate form among the Lovers of Zion in Russia, men whose one ambition was to see Zion and die: "Next year in Jerusalem." Their dream became a matter of practical politics at Basle in 1897, when Theodor Herzl, an Austrian Jew, founded the Zionists. Herzl tried to get a charter from the Sultan of Turkey for Jewish settlers in Palestine, but failed. In 1903 the British government offered him land for Jews in East Africa. The Zionist Congress of 1904 rejected the scheme; it would have to be Palestine or nothing. The man who carried the day against Herzl on this occasion was a Russian Jew named Chaim Weizmann. Today he is president of Israel.

Already small pioneer groups of Jews were migrating to Palestine and buying land. By 1914 almost 12,000 had settled in 43 agricultural colonies, and the all-Jewish city of Tel Aviv was rising on the barren sand dunes north of Jaffa. Then, on Nov. 2, 1917, came the so-called Balfour Declaration pledging the British government to favor "the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people." On April 25, 1920, the Supreme

Council of the postwar Peace Conference placed Palestine under control of Great Britain. The British were to carry the Balfour Declaration into effect.

That same month riots broke out against the Jews in Jerusalem. The Arabs of Palestine were sure that the doctrine of the "National Home" (a conveniently loose term) would bring the Jews to the top in Palestine. Meanwhile, large-scale Jewish immigration, legal and illegal, went on. Extremists were openly demanding a Jewish state. A royal commission set up in 1936 proposed to solve the problems of Palestine by dividing the country between the two peoples. The outbreak of war in 1939 shelved the question. Matters came to a head when, after the war, Jewish underground forces started a campaign of terror against the British administration. In May, 1948, Britain gave up its Palestine mandate to the United Nations, and the republic of Israel was proclaimed at Tel Aviv. Efforts by the Arab states to crush it by force were repulsed; elections were held, and Jewish-government rule was set up in Jerusalem.

The new state was faced from the start with many problems, notably that of the future of Jerusalem itself. Moreover, as some Jews admitted, the methods by which independence had been won were in many ways a disgrace to the Zionist cause. Still it had been won, and "Next year in Jerusalem" was no longer a romantic dream.

Zionist colonization of Palestine has brought the Jews back to the land.

Men and women from the cities of Europe and America are successful farmers in Palestine. The farming policy pursued by the colonists from the start was that of "close settlement" of the land. This meant using every possible acre and getting the maximum yield out of it. By 1936, 24 families had been established in the Atarot settlement, seven miles from Jerusalem, each family receiving four acres. This district had previously been uninhabited. In places where pioneers found malarial swamps, there are now highly productive co-operative farms. In areas of this kind Arabs as well as Jews have profited by Zionist science.

Finding a common language for colonists was solved by a daring experiment. Yiddish, the tongue of central and eastern European Jews, would have been an obvious choice as a national language. But this German-Jewish dialect, which takes 70% of its vocabulary from German, 20% from Hebrew, and 10% from other languages, echoed too much of the ghetto for Zionist ears. Modern German gained some support for a time. But a consumptive idealist named Eliezer Ben Yahuda had his way. Ben Yahuda's life work was the bringing back of Hebrew to living use after a lapse of 2,000 years. Hebrew grammar was kept, but Hebrew's small and antique vocabulary was increased to meet the needs of modern life. Hebrew became the language of journalists, novelists, scientists and historians, many already famous in other languages.

The printing press of the Franciscan

Fathers in Jerusalem is already pouring a small Catholic stream into a new literary flood. In 1945 it produced *Or-va' Osher (Light and Happiness)* a 358-page manual of Catholic teaching and prayers. In 1946 came *Gephen Poriyyah (Fruitful Vine)* the story of St. Francis and his Order; and in 1947 *Halo Sabha? (The Life of Man Upon Earth is a Warfare)*. This book of spiritual reading includes an account of Fatima, a short life of St. Ignatius, and an article by the distinguished convert from Judaism, Dr. E. Zolli, now a lecturer in the Pontifical Biblical institute at Rome. Père de Vaux, O.P., has contributed an article on the ancient temple of Solomon to *Kedem (the East)*, a journal of archaeological studies published by the Hebrew university of Jerusalem. A Carmelite priest, Père Bauchet, is a professor in the university itself.

Politically and culturally Zionism is intensely Jewish; religiously and morally it is on the whole, indifferent. The new constitution of Israel calls on the name of God in its first sentence, but large masses of the people have little or no reverence for their ancestral faith.

What relations exist between Zionism and Russian communism? The question is a natural one to ask since many of the most prominent Zionist politicians are of Russian origin. Israel will get what she can out of Russia, especially by turning the quarrels between the Soviet government and the western powers to her own advantage. But the main plank in Israeli foreign policy is friendship with the U.S., on

whose continued financial and moral help her future projects depend. In Israel itself the Communist party has only a small following, as recent elections showed. Zionists have not forgotten that, until it suited the Soviet to start supporting them after the 2nd World War, Russia had opposed Zionism, even forbidding the teaching of Hebrew to Russian Jews. Jews have always been prominent in the Russian Communist party, but nobody suffered more from them than Jewish nationalists. It was a Jew, Rutenberg, who advised Kerensky in the last days before the communist revolution to shoot Lenin and Trotsky at once. Today Rutenberg's electric-power stations are to be seen all over Palestine.

The constitution of Israel guarantees full religious freedom and enables non-Jews to acquire Israeli citizenship. This opens up possibilities of developing Catholic missionary work among Palestinian Jews in their own language. We may see an extension of the activities of the Congregation of Our Lady of Sion, founded by the converted Ratisbonne brothers a century ago. The younger brother, Marie Alphonse, was converted at Rome by an apparition of our Lady, on Jan. 20, 1842. He died—in his own way a Zionist pioneer—at Ain Karim near Jerusalem, the traditional site of the Visitation, on May 6, 1884.

God, as the proverb says, writes straight with crooked lines. Zionism may have a providential part to play in the ultimate fulfillment of the divine promise: "All Israel shall be saved."

The Open Door

A NON-CATHOLIC schoolteacher entered the Gesu in Philadelphia. She wondered if Catholics really believed that Christ was present on the altar.

Her attention was attracted to an old Jesuit Brother, cumbersomely carrying a heavy bale of carpet across the sanctuary. In him she saw a test of the Catholic faith. Breathlessly, she watched him. When he came before the tabernacle, he laid down his burden. He *did* genuflect, prayed, genuflected again, and went his way.

The young teacher prayed for the gift of faith. She took instructions, and was received into the Church. Later she became a Franciscan Sister.

Katherine O'Connor.

FRESH out of high school and in a strange eastern city, I was rather lonely on that Sunday afternoon. It was just by chance that I met a Catholic girl who also had some time "to waste." She was only 15 years old, yet she taught me more manners and morals in that one afternoon than I had learned previously in my whole life. I have never seen the girl since, but I shall never forget the way she inspired me. I made up my mind then that I wanted to become a Catholic. I did, one month later. Jon A. Baker.

I WAS praying for the conversion of my non-Catholic husband. Finally, he consented to take instructions.

We live in Montana. On the night of Oct. 24, 1935, he handed me the catechism he had been studying, saying, "Ask me the questions now." I asked, "Who made the world?" "God made the world," he replied.

The earth began to tremble. Furniture toppled. Dishes fell. We stood, rooted to the swaying spot. We had just had our first of many severe earthquakes.

"Now I know how powerful God is, and how weak we are," he said. He returned to his catechism with an enthusiasm he had not shown before, and became a Catholic on Easter.

Mrs. J. W. Fleming.

ONE Sunday afternoon Father Hugh Craig, Maryknoller in Korea, was visited by a peasant's wife, a devout Catholic. Only this morning her obstinately pagan husband had finally come to church with her.

She said, "He seemed much impressed until you started to preach how important the rabbit was in the world; now he says, 'The Church is nonsense.'"

Father Craig had spent hours the previous night preparing a talk on

"Virtue." Now he learned that it was on "Rabbits." The Korean word for *virtue* sounds very much like the word for *rabbit*.

He immediately set out with the farmer's wife to correct his error. Yes, the farmer became a faithful Catholic.

H. B. Kim.

For statements of true incidents by which persons were brought into the Church \$25 will be paid on publication. Address Open Door Editor. Manuscripts cannot be returned.

All God's children

Blessed Martin's Restaurant

By A. F. GORDON, Jr.

A SPIC-AND-SPAN restaurant has just been opened in Keokuk, Iowa. It is a restaurant with a difference: it will operate at cost, it is under the patronage of Blessed Martin de Porres; it is for colored and whites.

Dr. William Harper is a Negro physician. He has made a success in his profession, and has prospered in it. Now he wishes to thank God by exercising Christian charity toward his brothers, both colored and white. He is acting on the belief that if the shortest road to a man's heart is through his stomach, then that is the road he wishes to follow in appealing to all men of all faiths and colors to realize that they are brothers.

Workmen finished reconstructing a broken down and rotted Negro tavern a year ago. Dr. Harper had bought the place for his social and religious

experiment. After he spent \$80,000, the refinished building glistened under a large neon sign bearing the name Blessed Martin Cafe. On the inside, overlooking the polished tan dining room was a statue of Blessed Martin, Negro healer of the sick and helper of little children.

When it became known about town that "the beautiful new restaurant going up in the colored block" was going to serve both Negro and white, many of the doctor's friends advised him to either change his policy or drop work. Dr. Harper never doubted the sincerity of his friends. But neither did he doubt the wisdom of his course. In his opinion, "The only distinction in equality is in man himself, and a restaurant is a common place of meeting for all and an excellent place for the friendship of races to start."

On opening day, Blessed Martin's Negro waitresses served 200. They did it in an atmosphere of good feeling that has never dwindled.

A few weeks after the restaurant was established, Dr. Harper inaugurated the second step in his fight against racial hatred. At noon, any dinner on the menu was offered to school children at less than cost. This policy has continued, and full meals are served to the youngsters—white and colored—for 30¢.

"I hope," says Dr. Harper, "that we can nip prejudice in the bud by this child-relationship arrangement." He has not hoped in vain. Older patrons, finding good food and pleasant surroundings in the attractive restaurant, are coming to realize that the mixture of races has little to do with culinary art. Many are beginning to appreciate that color has nothing to do with being a decent citizen.

One of Keokuk's ministers, hearing unfounded rumors of drinking in the new establishment, criticized the cafe from his pulpit shortly after the opening. Sharp objections from members of his parish and a gentle repudiation of the charges by Dr. Harper led to a Sunday dinner by the minister and his wife at the Blessed Martin Cafe. Both are now ardent supporters and frequent customers.

Dr. Harper hopes to place the restaurant entirely on a nonprofit basis soon, serving meals to all at cost. As he puts it, "If I can just get it so that

it will pay for itself, I am sure that in time it will accomplish its purpose perfectly." Since the opening of the Blessed Martin, two other Keokuk cafes have opened their doors to Negroes and several others are expected to follow the precedent soon.

Blessed Martin de Porres, the humble Negro, has served not only to guide the venture by his example but also to influence the doctor's own life. You can see it in the cafe. Besides the statue which overlooks the dining tables, pamphlets on Martin are given to customers, as well as match book covers advertising not the restaurant but Blessed Martin.

The doctor's 16th-century patron was born in Lima, Peru, in 1579. His father was a Spanish knight and his mother a colored woman. Early in life he showed generosity and humility. When his mother would send him to the market, he would return empty handed, having given all his provisions to the hungry in the market place.

When Martin was 12, to his delight, de Porres, Sr., apprenticed him to a barber surgeon in Lima, and he began the lifelong job of aiding the sick. Martin, too, had a special feeling for children. Through his efforts in later life, the Orphanage of the Holy Cross was erected in Peru for hungry and homeless children. Dr. Harper calls his noon dinners a "poor substitute" for the Dominican friar's orphanage, but actually he is doing pretty much the same kind of work.





Ball player on the ball

Old Reliable

By RICHARD O. BOYER

Reprinted from the *New Yorker**

WHEN Thomas David Henrich, left-handed right fielder and reserve first baseman for the New York Yankees, went on a hunting trip the week before Pearl Harbor, he was not an exceptional marksman, but, in his own words, "I saw two deer, fired two shots, and killed two deer." The animals were such handsome creatures that when Henrich came upon their prostrate bodies, he contritely resolved that whatever wildlife he might shoot in the future he would shoot with no weapon more lethal than a motion-picture camera. To date, he has kept that resolve to the extent of not shooting anything with anything, but he plans to accompany some friends to Maine on a hunting trip next fall, and may well return with some footage of color film of game instead of a head and antlers. It is in keeping with Tommy Henrich's character that when the precise moment came to nail the deer, he did so expertly and with dispatch, just as it is that in renouncing guns in favor of cameras he chose the quieter, less showy way of doing things. Throughout his career in baseball, he has conducted himself in much the same manner. Now thirty-three years

old and beginning his thirteenth season under contract to the Yankees, he is, except for the lately incapacitated Joe DiMaggio, the most valuable player on the team, as well as the highest-paid (which is not necessarily the same thing); yet few people who don't follow the game would be likely to recognize his name. Henrich is conscientious and hard-working, and he possesses an unusual grasp of the technical aspects of his trade, but, whether on the field or off, he has little of the flair for showmanship that made the names of men like Hornsby, Cobb, and Ruth familiar to even those indifferent to baseball. His exploits, rarely spectacular, are confined mostly to good, solid work on the ballfield, and he cuts few, if any, capers. Sports-writers, who delight in coining titles like Sultan of Swat and Brown Bomber for their heroes, long ago despaired of making a colorful figure out of Henrich and, with a tired sigh, nicknamed him Old Reliable, to which they occasionally add, with what is perhaps, for once, unconscious alliteration on their part, "the baseball players' ballplayer."

When the Yankees' regular first

*25 W. 43rd St., New York City. June 4, 1949. Copyright 1949,
The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

baseball player suffered a protracted batting slump last summer, Henrich uncomplainingly took over the position and played it competently from midseason on, although he is really happy only when playing in the outfield. If the team should fail to develop an adequate first baseman this year, he may be obliged to take over again, but he hopes not. He regards himself as a right fielder and thinks like one. In that position, his primary job is, of course, to catch or retrieve all balls that are hit into his territory. He worries a great deal about such things as wind currents, shadows, sun glare, the condition of the ground, which if overly dry can make a ball hop crazily and if wet can cause it to plop quickly to a standstill, and about cigarette haze, which sometimes drifts out of the stands behind the plate to form a mist against which it is difficult to see either ball or batter. Henrich maintains that mental condition is as important to a player as physical condition. A big-league outfielder, he points out, must know, among a good many other things, how to play the walls in all eight ballparks the teams of his league compete in; that is, in order to be in the right place at the right moment, he must know the angles, different in each park, at which batted balls will carom off the outfield walls. During a game, Henrich applies himself so earnestly to matters of this nature, as he stares intently all the while at the batter, some three hundred feet distant, that he seldom hears the roar of the crowd and is only dimly conscious

of the great encircling blur of faces peering from grandstand and bleachers. "I'm listening for the crack of that bat," he says. "You got to get the jump on the ball. You got to get started to where it's going as soon as it leaves the bat."

Other players often admiringly call Henrich the smartest outfielder in the big leagues. They also admire him for certain respectable, steady-going, burgherlike qualities, which are more highly regarded in professional baseball than in many other sports. Ever since the Black Sox scandal of 1919, when the World Series was deliberately lost by some Chicago players for the benefit of a ring of professional gamblers, organized baseball has made a studied effort to appear and to be virtuous. As a general rule, even poker playing is forbidden the ballplayers. Because of his zeal for rectitude, Henrich is particularly valued by his employers, who like to present him as an exhibit of clean living for the inspiration of American youth. His contract stipulates not only that he shall receive forty thousand dollars for this season's work—not quite half what DiMaggio is getting—but that this work shall include making public appearances off the field whenever his employers request it. A few years ago, as a speaker, he was known to his teammates as "strictly a bow man." He would bob up from his place at a banquet, acknowledge the applause with a bow, and sit down without attempting any spoken word. As the result of practice

and determination, he is now able to deliver rather halting, painfully sincere speeches at such affairs as Boy Scout dinners, father-and-son banquets, and Holy Name Society Communion breakfasts.

Henrich doesn't like making speeches, but he makes them anyway, with the same dogged persistence that he shows on the field. Some of his colleagues regard him as a triumph of brain and morality rather than of natural ability. They feel that strength of will, more than instinctive talent, has made him a great ballplayer. A Henrich partisan enthusiastically declared not long ago that he should be known as Plain Joe Citizen. Another, paying tribute to his stolid, regular ways, described him as "strictly Massillon, Ohio." Henrich was confused by this, because, although he and his family recently moved to Ridgewood, New Jersey, he still thinks of Massillon, Ohio, where he was born and brought up, as his home town, and not as a compound adjective. Like many another citizen of Massillon, past or present, Henrich smokes cigars, enjoys cold beer and ham sandwiches, reads and believes everything in the newspapers, plays hearts (he rules bridge out as too serious), and is fond of group singing.

The Yankee manager, Casey Stengel, has summed Henrich up by saying, "He's a fine judge of a fly ball. He fields grounders like an infielder. He never makes a wrong throw, and if he comes back to the hotel at three in the morning when we're on the road and

says he's been sitting up with a sick friend, he's been sitting up with a sick friend." One of Henrich's predecessors in the Yankee right field was Babe Ruth, who endeared himself to fans not only by hitting as many as sixty home runs in a season but by consistently returning to his hotel at three in the morning when he had not been sitting up with a sick friend. The catholicity of Yankee fans is such that they esteem Henrich's impressive virtue almost as much as they used to Ruth's hell-raising—or heck-raising, as Henrich would say.

Henrich often tires of hearing his character exalted. He feels it is not right that virtue should be its own penalty. Because of his moral excellence, he has to work harder than his more sinful associates, as, for instance, when he is making speeches while grosser players are relaxing. His character is not his fault, he says—he was brought up to be the way he is by honest, religious, old-fashioned parents of German descent—and if he conducts himself with moderation and restraint, it is because he would be hard put to it to do otherwise. He is a genial, unpretentious man, fond of harmless banter and of adding his baritone to any impromptu burst of song in the Yankee clubhouse, and he finds it puzzling that he should be looked upon as an inspiration to American youth simply because he acts as he feels like acting. It saddens him when fans speak of his sterling attributes as a family man—he is married and has

three children—instead of the strength and accuracy of his throwing arm, one of the best in baseball. He fears that Henrich the inspiration may overshadow Henrich the ballplayer. Last year, with a thoroughly creditable batting average of .308 (third-highest on the Yankee team), Henrich scored a hundred and thirty-eight runs, more than any other major-league player, and drove in a hundred. He hit fourteen triples—the 1948 record for the American League—and forty-two doubles, exceeding by sixteen the number of any one of his teammates. In the matter of home runs, he hit twenty-five, which was well under the thirty-nine of DiMaggio, who led the League, but an impressive total, nonetheless, and among them were four he knocked out when the bases were loaded. Only five other major-leaguers—Lou Gehrig, Rudy York, Ruth, Frank Schulte, and Vince DiMaggio—have ever hit so many four-run homers in a season.

A member of the Yankee team since 1937, with the exception of three war years he spent in the Coast Guard as an athletic instructor with the rank of specialist first-class, Henrich has helped the team win the American League pennant on six occasions and the World Series on four. He is the only player who ever saved a World Series game for his team after swinging on a third strike with two out in the ninth inning, thus apparently ending and losing the contest. He performed this feat in the fourth game of the World Series against Brooklyn in 1941, with the Dodgers leading, 4—3. The score

by games was 2—1 against the Dodgers, and it looked as if they were about to tie it. As every follower of baseball knows, Mickey Owen, the Brooklyn catcher, muffed what would otherwise have been the last pitch of the game. Under the circumstances, Henrich was privileged to try to reach first base ahead of the ball. He did so, and the Yankees went on to win the game and, ultimately, the series. The episode is by no means typical of Henrich's batting ability, but it is characteristic of him to save a game at the last minute. His colleagues call him "a real pro" and "a good money player." His batting average under the terrific pressure of the seesaw World Series with Brooklyn in 1947 was .323, thirty-six points higher than his average for the regular season. Henrich frequently goes hitless until a game's climax in some late inning, and then starts the winning rally, or drives in the winning run, or even makes the winning run himself, as he did in this season's opening game when he hit a homer with two out in the ninth inning. Hence "Old Reliable."

There are not many ways in which Henrich's good-natured calm can be shattered, but whenever he hears a remark disparaging the general intelligence of baseball players, his mild blue eyes turn icy, his manner becomes frigid, and it is clear why no one during the whole time he has been playing baseball has ever picked a fight with him. He contends that baseball is as complicated as chess, and much more

difficult, inasmuch as most of the outfielders' decisions must be made instantly and often while running at full speed. On many plays, there are a number of places to which an outfielder can throw the ball, but only one is the right one. A fielder must know when to play safe by intentionally taking a line drive on the hop, or bounce, rather than making a speculative attempt to catch the ball before it touches the ground. If such a liner is hit with a runner on first, it may be better to take the ball on the hop and try to throw the runner out as he advances, but if it's the last half of the ninth inning, say, and there are two out, the outfielder may make a desperate effort to catch the ball on the fly and retire the side.

Henrich is the only outfielder currently in action who makes a specialty of "trapping" the ball. In this play, the outfielder pretends he is going to catch a fly, thus holding the runners on their bases, and then backs away and lets the ball bounce once before scooping it up, a very risky procedure. Each of the runners thus finds himself in the position of being forced to try to advance a base. Henrich is generally credited with having brought the trapped-ball play to its present advanced state of development. He started working on it in 1941, with the help of Joe Gordon, who was then a Yankee second baseman and is now with Cleveland; Gordon's part in the play consisted of running into the outfield, adding to the deception by pretending that he, too, was going to try to catch the ball.

Since Gordon left the Yankees, his successor, George Stirnweiss, has been helping Henrich bring off this stunt. On three occasions last year, Henrich started a double play by trapping the ball. This is regarded as one of the fanciest defensive plays in baseball.

In further support of his contention that a good ballplayer has to have a mind, Henrich points out that every member of a big-league team is expected to memorize the hitting propensities of each of the hundred and seventy-five players who comprise the seven opposing squads in his league. He must learn whether each of these potential batters can place a hit or whether he usually hits the ball in the same direction, whether he is fast or slow on the bases, what kind of pitching he likes and what kind he dislikes, and whether he is a pull hitter, a straightaway hitter, or a power hitter. A pull hitter hits away from the direction he is facing; that is, a left-handed batter who pulls the ball hits to right field. The direction in which a straightaway batter hits depends more on the type of pitch he is thrown than on his swing. Power hitters are precisely that, and when one of them walks up to the plate, the outfielders move back. If a non-power hitter is able to place his hits, the outfielders may converge toward the infield, fearful lest he punch the ball "through the box"—meaning past the pitcher and through the gap between shortstop and second, or through some other hole in the infield defense. But, Henrich says, that isn't all a ballplayer

must know about opposing hitters. A good batter hits differently in different situations. If there is no one out and no one on base, he may try for a long power hit, but if there is a man on first and none out, he may try for a hit-and-run play by punching a hit through to the outfield. Or, another time, the same man may bunt, to advance a player from first to second.

One evening recently, after a dinner at which Henrich had been the principal speaker, a fan asked him what he thought about while out in right field. Using a game the Yankees had played a few days before with Detroit as an example, Henrich, with his customary painstaking thoroughness, gave him an answer. "Well," he said slowly, "Lake, the second baseman, leads off. I know he hits a long ball to left field. But strictly left field. I come in quite a bit on him unless a hit-and-run is on. Then Lipon comes up. He's grown to be a better hitter. He's getting a good piece of the ball. Power mostly to left but pretty good power in any direction. I move back on him. The percentage is to give way a little bit, and I move back on him. Kell comes up next. He's changed a little bit. Used to hit a lot of balls to right field, but he's pulling a lot more. He had me scared last year and he used to back me up in right center field. But occasionally he'd hit a Texas Leaguer, or what we call a humpbacked liner. I don't recall having run many of his back to right center field all last year, though, so now I don't play him so deep. Wertz is next. He's a left-handed power hit-

ter. I don't expect him to pull too much because he swings a little late. Most of his go through the middle, over second base to center. I play him for power, but I don't shade him too much over toward the foul line. Then comes Wakefield, one of their left fielders. Lots of power. He's one of the few power hitters that isn't a definite pull hitter. I play him deep and move away from the right-field line. But Robinson—he's next—he's a pull hitter, and with pretty good power. I play him as an ordinary left-handed hitter. Now comes Groth. He's a rookie, so I don't know too much about him yet. I saw him take one little slap at a ball down in Lakeland and it went like a bullet. As strong as *he* is, you can tell he's got power. Can't play him cheap on any field. I figure on playing him a few feet deeper than Kell. Then up comes Vico. I don't play him as a pull hitter. The percentage is for him to hit through the middle, so I move to my right a little bit."

In view of all this, and much more, Henrich is in a sweat of concentration during every minute of every game that he stands guard at his distant outpost. Many fans do not notice him as he constantly shifts his position in accordance with the characteristics of the man at bat and with the way an inning or the game itself is shaping up; the attention of the crowd is mostly focused on the infield, and particularly on the batter and the pitcher. Few spectators realize that Henrich is mentally, if not physically, exhausted at the end of a game. "Baseball is work," he says.

But he enjoys the game when he has a good day at bat. When he goes hitless—or, as he puts it, “goes for the horse-collar”—he is inclined to think it a hard life. “I like to play baseball at a picnic—married men against the single, or something like that,” he has remarked after a disappointing game, “but when you’re out there against clubs like Cleveland or Boston, it’s not all fun. Especially when you go for the horsecollar.”

It was the speechmaking in which Henrich reluctantly indulges that led him to settle in Ridgewood when he decided, a couple of years ago, that Massillon was too far from his center of operations. (“The kids were getting old enough to go to school, spring and fall,” he says, “and the only answer was to live near where I’m in business.”) One day in the course of the 1947 season, a friend of Henrich’s named Bob Willaman—a former resident of Canton, Ohio, which is adjacent to Massillon, who now lives in Hohokus, New Jersey, which is adjacent to Ridgewood—persuaded him to come out to Hohokus and speak at a banquet sponsored by St. Luke’s Catholic church. Henrich found he liked the neighborhood, and rented a house in Ridgewood for his family during last year’s season, at the close of which he bought a house there. “It’s nice in Ridgewood,” he says. “It’s just like Massillon. You wouldn’t know you were within a thousand miles of New York.” The Henrich house is of recent construction and is in the best

suburban tradition—four bedrooms, plastic doorknobs with synthetic flowers embedded in them, first floor of brick, upper story of shingle, painted white. When the Yankees are playing at home, Henrich ordinarily gets up between nine and ten in the morning and eats an unusually large breakfast, knowing that he will not have another full meal until dinner, after the game. “I really pack it in good,” he says. At eleven-forty-five, he gets into his car, a Buick, and, driving swiftly and expertly, arrives at the Yankee Stadium, in the Bronx, half an hour later. By the time he enters the sumptuous Yankee dressing room, under the stands, several players are likely to be already there, mostly in various states of undress, some of them waving bats slowly in the air as they face imaginary pitchers, others studiously autographing baseballs sent in by fans, and still others massaging new bats with pieces of broken glass, in order to take off the sheen and make them less slippery to the grip.

In the dressing room—which is usually called the locker room, although it has no lockers—Henrich sometimes feels a touch of pride. At such a moment, he may recall his days in minor-league baseball, when he had to put on his uniform in a cheap boarding house in whatever town he was playing in and keep the sweat-soaked garments on after the game until he had got back to his quarters. The Yankees’ dressing room, sometimes referred to as the Yankee clubhouse, has the appearance of the lounge of a private

club. Deep green leather chairs fill one wing of it, and there are smoking stands, thick rugs, a small library, telephones, attendants to answer them and respectfully notify the players of their calls, and writing desks with stationery bearing the Yankee letterhead. The light is subdued, a radio is generally tuned in to soft music, hunting prints hang on the apple-green walls. Instead of the rows of battered iron lockers that line many dressing rooms, even in the big leagues, the Yankees enjoy spacious dressing booths, one for each player, which flank three walls of the room.

There is a good deal of horseplay in the dressing room. The younger players occasionally wrestle and shove one another about, but the veterans know that there is a greater chance of getting hurt in this kind of fooling around than there is on the field. Henrich undresses and puts on his uniform in a leisurely manner, pausing now and again to chat with teammates. Not long ago, at such a time, Cliff Mapes, who occasionally substitutes for Henrich, asked him for some advice on playing the wall. "The sharper the angle the ball hits the wall," Henrich said with the serious air of a professor, "the farther back it bounces." As he spoke, he withdrew one arm from his shirt and, with the garment still dangling from the other, jumped back and pretended to be playing a ball off the wall. "You're getting too good out there, Cliff," he said with a smile. "If you get any better, I'll have to protect my position by breaking your arm." A

young newspaper reporter from Winnipeg came in and requested an interview. Henrich talked long and earnestly with him. "I always try to catch a fly with my hands just about even with my head," he said, "so I'll be in the best position for a throw." Then he went through the motions of running, without really running, and suddenly looked back over his shoulder. "If a fielder can turn his back on a ball and run like heck to just a certain point and then turn at the right second and catch the ball—why, then he can do anything," he said.

At one o'clock, when the team takes the field for batting practice, an hour before a game, Henrich excused himself from the interview. Out on the field, he turned and looked briefly at the half-filled stands, then, while waiting his turn at the plate, he picked up two bats, swung them around a few times, and tossed one aside. Presently he yelled at the player who had preceded him at the plate, "Come on, goldarn it! You gonna spend all weekend there?" Just before stepping up to the plate, Henrich pulled his cap down, hitched up his pants, and rubbed his hands in the dirt. Then, taking his stance, he planted his spikes firmly in the ground. "I like to dig in deep," he said later, "so you get real leverage on the ball. Pitchers always try to uproot you. They try to brush you back." He hit a high fly, and as he prepared to meet the next throw, one of his teammates on the sidelines shouted, "Screech one, Tommy!" Henrich had

been in good form lately, and he swung at one ball after another with casual confidence. He never forgets, though, that he may at any moment inexplicably become the victim of a batting slump. All players, even the greatest—even Ruth and Cobb and DiMaggio—have, of course, suffered periodically from such slumps, and when they are in this pitiful state, they get so snappish that none of their teammates dare speak to them about it, and their friends try to steer clear of them for the duration. Players in a slump almost invariably decide that they are all through, that they are washed up and have lost their stuff. Henrich is no exception. "I try to pretend it doesn't worry me," he says, "but it does."

As the first batter of the visiting team goes to the plate and the crowd begins its roar, Henrich may hear someone in the stands nearest him yell, "Oh, Tommy, you punk!" or "Tommy, the bum!" He pays no attention to this normal concomitant of baseball; he is quiet on the field, and he does not attempt to retaliate when the players of an opposing team try to ride him from the dugout. This is in keeping with the customary deportment of the Yankee club, whose members do not constitute what is known as a holler team. Some clubs, while on the field, keep up a constant squall of encouragement to their pitchers and insults to opposing batters. "We play heads-up baseball," Henrich says, "but we keep our mouths shut. Crosetti—he used to be our shortstop—was a

holler guy, but now we don't holler much."

If the Yankees win, Henrich is in jovial spirits as he charges into the dressing room. If they lose, he is sometimes despondent, but he recovers within a couple of hours. Attendants hand out refreshments to the players after the game. As Henrich pulls off his uniform, he stops from time to time to take a swig from a bottle of beer or a bite from a ham sandwich. Recently, after the Yankees had lost a tough contest that went into extra innings, Henrich, who was standing before a mirror with his mouth full, knotting his tie, said morosely, "A game like that makes an old man of you." Several of his teammates, equally morose, nodded.

Massillon, Ohio, has no more fervent booster than Henrich, whose birth occurred there on February 20, 1916. He is proud of the fact that it is the town in which Lillian and Dorothy Gish were raised and of which Jacob Sechler Coxey, the head of Coxey's Army, was once mayor. Then, too, Cy Rigler, for twenty years an umpire in the National League, was the son of a Massillon fire chief, and the Massillon Tigers, an early professional-football team, numbered Knute Rockne as a member. Henrich's father, a plasterer—and a good one, according to his son—was a great baseball fan and took Tommy to his first game when he was five. The boy began playing baseball, or trying to, when he was six or seven, and from the start, he says, "the Yan-

kees were my team. When they won, I was happy." He recalls that all during his boyhood he yearned with a painful intensity to be a big-league player, and he remembers well certain fruitless plans he had to go to Cleveland and see the Yankees play. Because he has not forgotten his own youthful ardor for baseball, he is unusually patient with the small fry who hang around outside the Yankee dressing room after a game. As a player emerges, the boys swarm about him, yipping and pushing, waving pencils and paper, and screaming for autographs. No big-league player of any importance can appear anywhere, from a hotel lobby to a soda fountain, without attracting something of a crowd, and most of them delight in such attention. Good players draw handsome salaries, but, even so, fans consider it a privilege to contribute to funds that are raised from time to time to buy their heroes fancy cars and other expensive gifts, which are presented at special ceremonies before a game. A group of factory workers in, say, New London will decide that some player from that city, whom they may never have spoken to and have probably seldom seen, should have a "day," to be observed by the pressing of lavish gifts upon him. One of the most famous examples of a day of this sort was Pepper Martin Day, some ten years ago, when admirers of the Cardinal third baseman stocked his farm for him; pigs and geese were herded to the plate in an unusual celebration that included the presentation of a

tractor, which Pepper mounted and, to the accompaniment of wild cheers, drove about the park. On July 17th last year, Tommy Henrich Day was observed at Yankee Stadium, and he was presented with the Buick he now drives and a Steinway spinet, the gifts of almost a thousand admirers, who had contributed from twenty-five cents to fifty dollars apiece.

Henrich was a pupil in the parochial schools of Massillon and Canton, and a parishioner of St. Mary's Catholic church, in Massillon. He attended St. Mary's until he moved to New Jersey, where he now attends St. Luke's. He sang in the choir at St. Mary's and expects to try out for the one at St. Luke's next fall. He graduated from St. John's Catholic High School, in Canton, in 1933, when he was seventeen. During his last two years there, he played on the softball team of the Hoffman Drugs Company, in Massillon, an amateur outfit that won eighty of the eighty-seven games on its schedule during one of the seasons he was with it. He is one of the few big-leaguers who have ever been offered a contract in organized baseball on the basis of their showing in softball. He began his full-time baseball career in 1934, when he was eighteen, by joining the Zanesville, Ohio, team, a Cleveland farm club. A year later, he was sent to New Orleans, then also a Cleveland property. In 1936, he batted .346, which made him feel that he was entitled to a trial with the big-league Cleveland Indians. Instead, at the end of the 1936 season he was ordered to

report to Milwaukee, still another Cleveland farm club.

During that winter, Henrich came to realize that a baseball player is a property that can be sold or traded anywhere, any time, without having any voice in the matter. He read a sports-page story to the effect that he was to be sold to the Boston Braves, or Bees, as they were then called, and it was news to him. Not long afterward, he read one saying he had been traded to the St. Louis Browns. He grew annoyed. What he had wanted was a tryout with the Cleveland Indians, and now he didn't even know whether he still belonged to Cleveland. He wrote a letter to the late Kenesaw Mountain Landis, baseball's first commissioner, describing his bafflement and declaring that he didn't know who owned him. Landis held two hearings on the Henrich case early in 1937, found that Cleveland had "prevented [Henrich's] advancement to a major-league club under the selection rules," and ruled that no club owned him and that he was a free agent, entitled to deal for himself. Henrich's New Orleans record had been so good that eight big-league clubs at once sought to sign him up. The Yankees won out, with an offer of ten thousand dollars for his first season's play and a twenty-thousand-dollar bonus for signing. He got off to a fine start with the team, and then, in August, tore a cartilage in his left knee while, as he explains, "running to the right and trying to throw to the left." This retired him for the season, except for pinch-hitting. He

had an excellent year in 1938, and played in his first World Series.

In 1940, on the last day of August, Henrich again injured his left leg, and spent twenty-eight days in St. Elizabeth's Hospital, in upper Manhattan, where he regained the use of his leg and met Miss Eileen O'Reilly, one of the nurses on the floor, when she stopped in at his room to listen to his radio. They were married the following year. Their three children—Patricia, Ann, and Thomas David, whom they call T.D.—are aged six, five, and three, respectively. Henrich is acutely conscious of the fact that the average playing life of a big-league ballplayer is about seven years. "I might break a leg out there any day," he says. He is a thrifty man, and it is the opinion of his friends that he has saved a hundred thousand dollars or so. He plans to buy a dairy farm in Ohio when he retires. He is explicit on one point concerning dairy farming. "Look," he says, "my idea is to have a guy to do the heavy stuff. The guy who gets up at four in the morning, that ain't me."

Henrich finds his chief relaxation in playing the piano and singing. In Massillon, he was an active member of the Society for the Preservation and Encouragement of Barber Shop Quartet Singing in America. He still wears its pin in his lapel. Only the other day, he was delighted to discover that the Society has a chapter in Ridgewood, and he is looking forward to joining it in the fall, when he has a little leisure. He used to be a member of the Massillon Tomcat Quartet, a barber-

shop group that practices twice a week during the winter in the American Legion Hall there. It won the state championship in 1946 by its rendition of "Down by the Old Mill Stream" and "Carolina in the Morning." Henrich has hopes of helping Ridgewood's vocalists achieve comparable honors in New Jersey.

WHEN the Yankees are on the road, Henrich usually spends his evenings—those, that is, on which no night game is scheduled—at the movies or studying books on dairy farming. The Yankees are playing thirty-five night games this season, out of a total of seventy-seven road games. In 1947, Henrich was elected by the Yankee players as their representative to confer with the management, pursuant to a new procedure in the league, and in this position, he has voiced their objections to certain aspects of night playing. Their principal complaint is that lighting conditions vary from park to park and that in some cities the light-

ing is so inadequate that the players can't see a low, fast-pitched ball. The players would like to have uniform lighting systems at all parks.

Henrich asserts that he owes much of his success in baseball to the fact that his wife is not interested in it. He likes to tell a story about an old-time baseball player, one Jay Kirke, whose wife was in the habit of following baseball so closely that every afternoon she would greet her husband as he returned home with this little verse:

*Well, my honey, well, my Jay,
How many hits did you get today?*

"That was all right when old Jay was getting hits," Henrich says, "but when he wasn't, it wasn't. Finally, one afternoon, he waited till she got through and then hollered, 'Look, you take care of the cooking in this family and I'll take care of the hitting!' Heck of a situation." At this point, Henrich pauses, and then adds, with quiet satisfaction, "My wife takes care of the cooking."



Dead Reckoning

A FEW years ago, an ambitious clock peddler invaded a well-nigh inaccessible region of the Ozark mountains, counting on the absence of competition to help him garner a goodly sales volume. But sales were few and far between. In that region, time was not important, and no one seemed interested in measuring it. Still he persevered, until this incident sent him howling back to civilization.

He paused before a ramshackle mountain cabin where an ancient native was sunning himself on the veranda. He was working around to the subject of clocks, when a boy came out to inquire, "What time is it, paw?"

The aged native glanced at the shadow moving across the porch, spat tobacco juice through a knothole in the floor, and replied "Bout fo' planks till dinner-time."

Wall Street Journal.

The dagger and the dollar

Union Organizer Killed

By JOHN McKEON

Condensed from the
*Catholic Worker**

WILLIE LURYE was stabbed to death in a phone booth in the lobby of a loft building in the heart of New York's garment center last May. He was an organizer for the International Ladies' Garment Workers' union. The three assailants got away in the crowds of workers that throng the district during the day-time.

Willie was a young man, 29, married, the father of four children. Like his father before him, he was a strong union man. They had brought the ILGWU a long way since the days of the Triangle fire, the sweat shop, the home contractor, and the \$8 and \$10-a-week family wage for 14 hours of work, six days a week. They had built their union into one of the best in the U. S., with free health, sickness, birth and life-insurance benefits for its members. They had helped build cooperative housing projects for the members, had set up study and recreational group projects, summer camps and vacation resorts. They had built the union big (405,000 dues-paying members) by showing the workers that when you have honest leaders, real unity, and fighting spirit in a union you have a chance for a better life, as

better lives are counted under our system of production. You can get a greater share in the profits, more time for leisure; and, if not a sense of pride in your work, at least a sense of dignity, from belonging to a group respected by the employer.

They had shown the big dress houses that it was good business to treat the worker as a human being, bargain with him collectively, allow him to run his union himself, boost his wages. It made him a better workman, a greater source of profit for the employer, both as a worker and consumer. Big corporations with lots of liquid capital can afford to be good to the worker. Worker exploitation, where it exists, is so well hidden behind bonuses, paid vacations, time-and-a-half for overtime, and decent working conditions as to be scarcely seen by anyone but sociologists, political economists, union leaders, progressives and, of course, the employers themselves.

But every big industry has camp followers, shoe-string operators who are working out the classic American dream of "a little business of my own." These are wild catters, the fly-by-nights, the entrepreneurs who, by luck,

discipline, foresight, and connivery, have gotten together the one, two, three, five thousand dollars necessary to their venture and have launched it on a basis as broad and firm as a razor's edge. For them, it's "Root hog, or die." To grow you must have more capital: you can't control the cost of raw material, or transport, or machines or the prices of big competitors if you are an entrepreneur. The only thing you can control is the wages of those working for you, and there is your margin of profit. The more you sweat them, the more profit; the more profit, the more capital; the more capital, the more expansion; the more expansion, the greater the chance of survival until you get "security," which Americans pursue with all the love and ardor of a knight errant in his search for the Holy Grail.

Of course, not all Americans pursue it the same way. Some, like Willie Lurye, give up \$180-a-week jobs as dress pressers (counting four hours a day overtime; but then if you have four kids it's worth it) to take \$80 a week as organizers. You believe that people should not be sweated so that they die before their time. You believe that people should have decent housing, plumbing, clothes and food, time to read, think, relax. You believe it so strongly that you feel the only honorable thing to do is to go out and do something about it. You don't do it by worrying about what's going on in Europe, or the other side of the world, or in the South, or talking it up at a party. You go home and tell your

wife (and maybe your four kids) that you're going to fight it out among the people you work with and that to do it you'll have to give up the \$180-a-week job to take one that pays less than half as much. And then if you have a good wife, she'll say, go ahead, and quietly strangle any doubts she may have, behind a cheerful smile, because she'll know, if she's a good wife, that you can talk a man out of almost any thing, but when he's got his teeth in an idea there isn't anything you can do except give him his head and pray that he stays lucky.

But sometimes he doesn't. Sometimes he's like Willie Lurye and runs up against the raw facts of our economic system. Either you stay with the safe job and give up your ideals or step down into the murky business underworld where a man who holds that an ideal is a higher unit of value than a dollar, signs a promissory note for his life, payable on demand.

If you're one of the good ones, like Willie Lurye, you step down, remembering that you never would have had that \$180 job if it hadn't been for other good ones before you (remember the Chartists, the Knights of Labor, the Molly Maguires, Homestead, Gastonia, Tom Mooney) and then you just go forward, doing what you have to do, what you believe in. Then maybe, like Willie Lurye, you look up out of a stuffy telephone booth in the crowded lobby of a loft building to see what's suddenly blocking the light. Looking up you know that now there will never be any turning back, not

even if you wanted to, and your kids will be someone else's problem from here on in. So you make the best fight possible, bare hands against knives, but a phone booth is merely an up-ended coffin in size to a man fighting for his life; you can't maneuver, and the end is certain.

But you get one break: you don't die right away. You die late that night, time enough for your wife to visit the hospital where you're lying on a stretcher in the emergency ward waiting for the operation that will try to stitch up ripped intestines. In the movies or the history books there's

always a fine deathbed phrase from the hero, but if you're like Willie Lurye you just play it simple right up to the end and your last words to your wife are "There's no sense hanging around here all night. I'm O.K. Why don't you go home and see how the kids are?"

And in dying, Willie Lurye does a job bigger than the one he started out to do. He shows that exploiting human labor inevitably leads to violence. In a crisis the system puts material values above human lives: a man's life is held less valuable than a favorable balance sheet.



PICTURE STORY

Father Baker's Big Family

This youngster is at home. It's a big home, and there are a lot of kids in it. Father Nelson H. Baker started it in 1907 for children like this little girl who have no homes of their own. It is in Lackawanna, N. Y., just outside of Buffalo, and is one of Father Baker's many foundations there, which are known as Our Lady of Victory Institutions. At first it was a home for abandoned babies. Then Father Baker decided to take in poor, unmarried girls who were going to become mothers.



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A sympathetic Sister receives a girl, noting necessary information. The girl's parish priest recommended that she go to Father Baker's Infant Home. Her race or creed or nationality won't make any difference. She'll have understanding and love and companionship. She may come to the home about five months before her baby is to arrive, or when her condition becomes obvious, and stay about two weeks after her child is born.



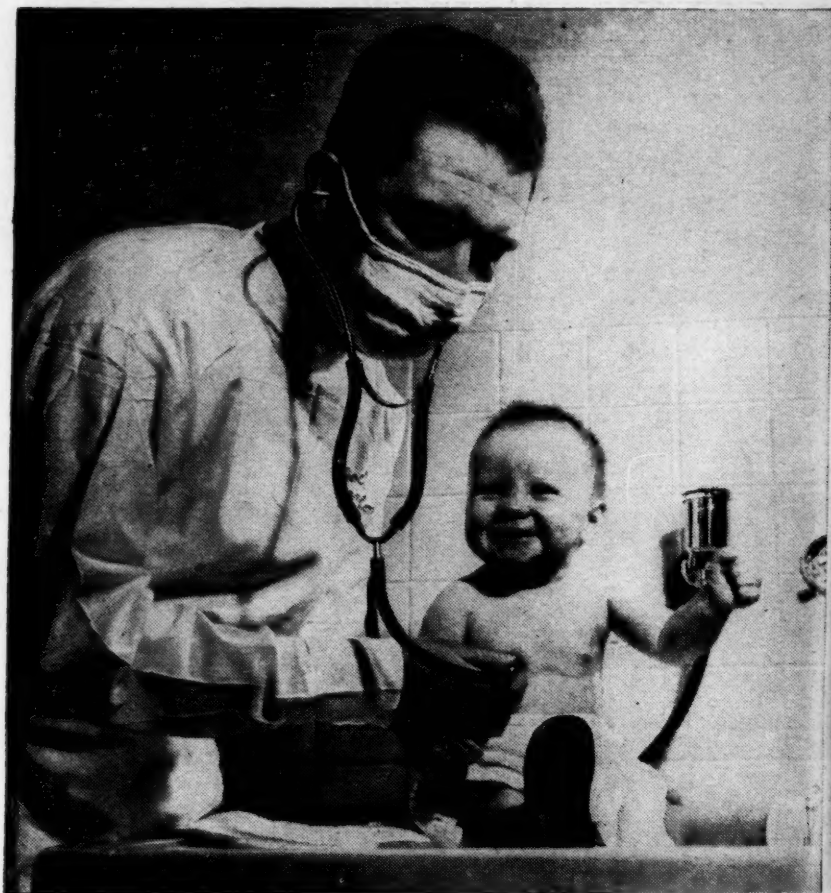
The quiet seclusion of the home and the sympathy she receives will give the young mother the courage she needs when she goes back to the world. Here she kneels in the privacy of the chapel especially set aside for her and the other girls. Prayer will help her to decide whether she will take her baby with her when she goes, or leave it at the home. She may do either; the decision is entirely up to her. When the baby comes, mother and child will have the best of care in the large hospital adjacent to the home.



This baby is only one day old. "Ego te baptizo," the priest says, and the child is born again into the life of the Church. Her baptismal robe is just as fancy as those the more fortunate babies wear. Here at Father Baker's home the care of a child's soul is considered as important as the care of its body. Development of the whole person, soul and body, starts from the very beginning of a child's life. A spiritual atmosphere surrounds the child in these early, most formative years of its life.



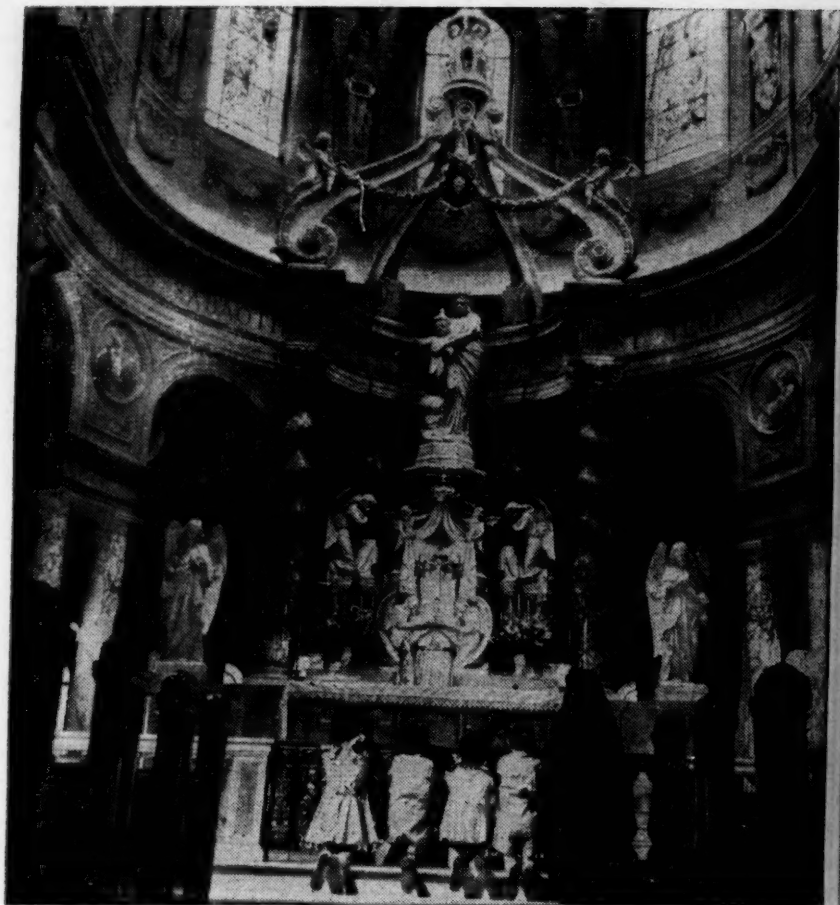
She's just had a bath, and she gurgles with delight as the nurse gives her a rubdown. The daily round of baths and sleep and food is all that concerns her now. But unlimited care and attention is important, as any mother knows, because it makes the child feel loved and wanted. Right now, during the child's first years, loving attention will give it the sense of security everyone needs to lead a happy, normal life. Well-trained nurses take the role of mothers, attending skillfully to all the babies' needs.



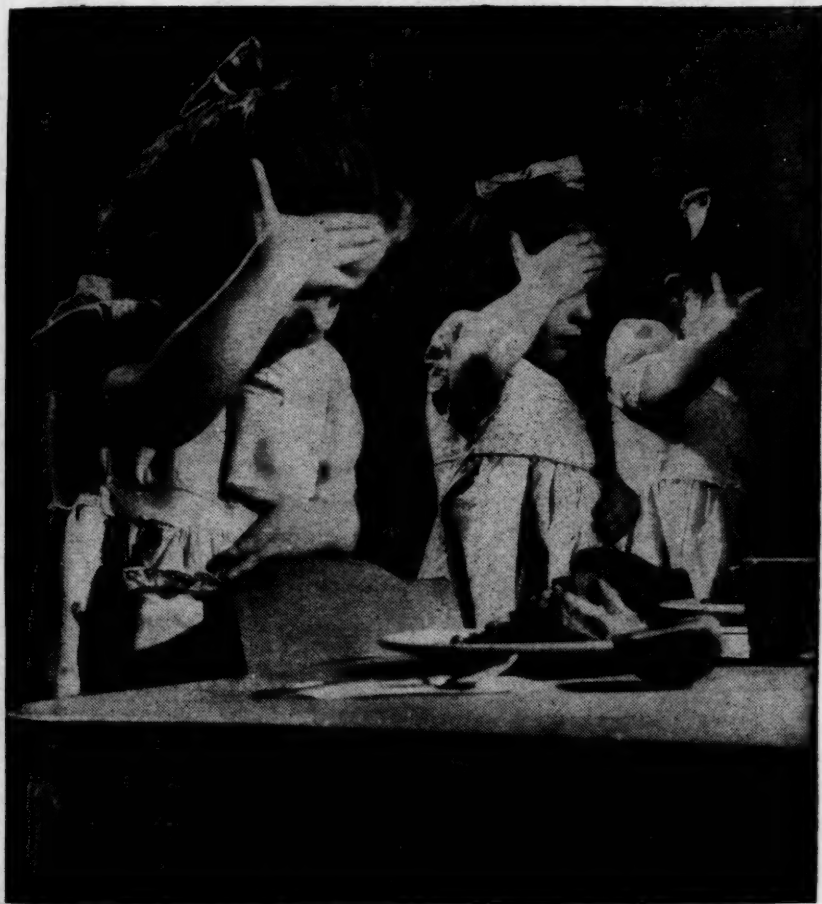
She doesn't know what the doctor's doing, but she's enjoying it immensely. Modern equipment and facilities help the resident physicians keep the children in top-notch condition. They are given thorough physical examinations at regular intervals, and illness is treated promptly. Proper health care keeps children fit, helps them grow strong and sturdy. Children at Father Baker's home get the very best medical attention. To make sure of this, the doctors keep abreast of the latest trends in medicine.



No woman likes to be dressed just like everyone else, and these tots are no exception. The nurse dresses each one at the beginning of the day in her own individual outfit, different from all the others. People donate clothes, or the Sisters buy or make them. Uniforms make a home seem institutional; the Sisters want to keep a family atmosphere. They want every child to have as nearly normal a rearing as is possible, and giving a child his own clothes helps to accomplish this.



A morning prayer in the Basilica of Our Lady of Victory. Children at Father Baker's Infant Home are all of preschool age. When they are old enough to go to school, and for some good reason cannot be adopted or placed in a foster home, the girls are sent to another home in Buffalo; the boys go "next door" to St. Joseph's Orphan Home. That is one of the oldest units in Our Lady of Victory Institutions. It was founded 100 years ago, expanded and developed by Father Baker.



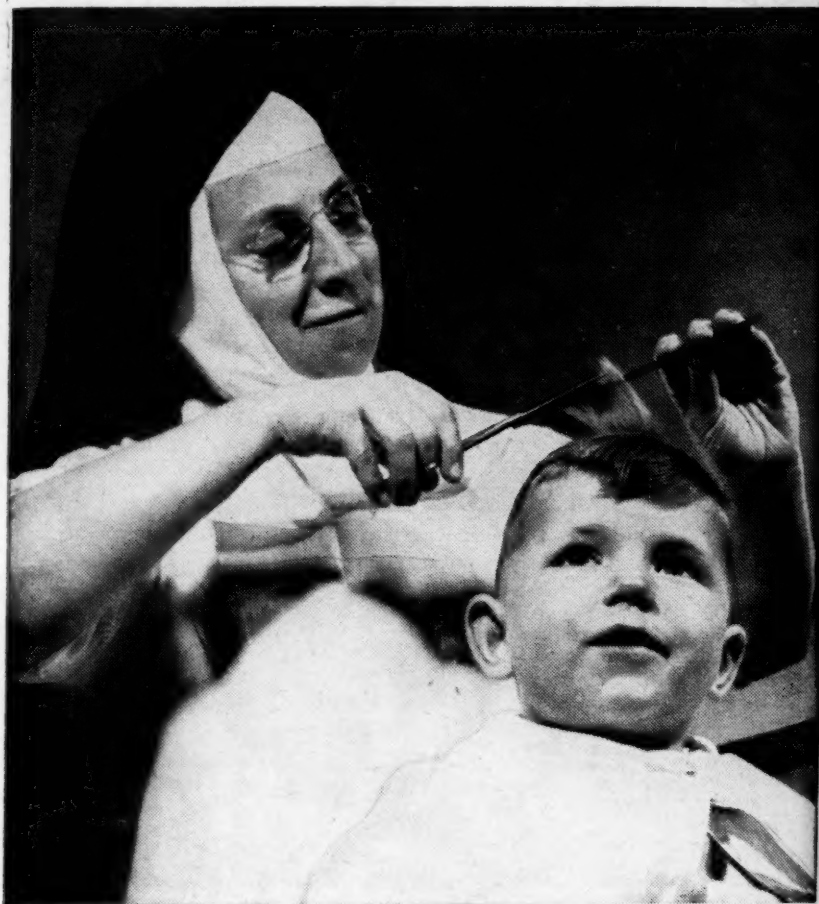
"Bless us, O Lord, and these Thy gifts . . ." There's nothing wrong with these kids' appetites. And they don't balk at eating, either. The varied, healthful diet is appetizing, and builds strong bodies. When Father Baker proposed to start the home, people protested that he was encouraging mothers to abandon their babies. But he went ahead with the project, although he had no money. "God's Mother will provide," he said, and he was right. By the time the building was finished, the entire debt, \$167,000, had been paid.



Story time in the nursery brings rapt wonder to these children's faces. Balanced recreation includes simple stories, building with blocks, and first attempts at drawing, just as in the most exclusive preschool. In this way, children begin to see the world around them, and to develop manual skill and coordination. The preschool teachers know that what is only play to the children is of greatest importance to their psychological and physical growth, and choose games and toys with an eye to that growth.



Our Lady of Victory looks down and smiles on her children as they play in the sunshine. They develop socially and learn fair play in such group games. There is no "only child" problem in this big family. They learn from the start how to give as well as take. Their school years will find them well adjusted to children of their own age. If they should be adopted or placed in a foster home, the social atmosphere of the infant home will make them ready to fit into regular family life.



A haircut means conversation, and this boy makes no exception. He and Sister discuss politics and sports with the best of them. The Sisters keep the home as self-sufficient as possible, even to the barbering. In 1890, against the advice of experts, and with much prayer, Father Baker drilled for gas wells on institution property. The following year he found a well, and another was discovered in 1911. Today, the gas wells still provide fuel for cooking and heating in all the institutions of Our Lady of Victory.



Bathing's fun in a bathtub cut down to your size, and when the nurse takes time out to play. You even remember to wash behind your ears. To make sure that a child will have as good a home with adoptive parents as he has here, the Sisters conduct a thorough investigation of couples seeking to adopt a child. Stability and character are essential. If couples are willing to go through the long waiting period, and measure up in other respects, they will prove that their desire for a child is not merely a passing whim.



It looks like a game to him, but to the Sister it means much more. She can tell a lot about his mental ability and his dexterity by the length of time it takes him to string the beads. This and other tests are given at each stage of the child's growth to determine intelligence. This is important, because couples who wish to adopt a child will be matched closely to the child they take, both mentally and physically. Frequent checkups for a time after the child comes to live with them make doubly sure that they are good parents.



Sister tells the children the story of Father Baker, who gave them a home. This room is a facsimile of Father Baker's room, and has been set up in the lower floor of the basilica for visitors to see. The furniture is the same that Father Baker used when he was alive. Hundreds of visitors come every year to visit the national shrine of Our Lady of Victory, also housed in the basilica. Father Baker was a monsignor when he died in 1936 at 95. All of the projects he undertook during his life have been successful.



The children leave the basilica after making a visit. The figure on top of the portico represents Father Baker, surrounded by the children he loved so well. The angel of mercy stands above them. No matter how tired or ill he was, Father Baker never missed blessing each child every night. There are 365 Catholic homes for children in the U. S. Each is unique, yet they all recognize the dignity of every human person. They all know that every child is a precious individual to his heavenly Father.

Against the idol

Nine Brave Women

By EDWARD A. HARRIGAN

Condensed from COR*

NINE SISTERS have been living in a convent on St. Paul, Minnesota's West Side for ten years. Although they are called blessed the length and breadth of the continent of Africa, they have scarcely been heard of in the city in which they live.

This may be because the name of their institute, Sodality of St. Peter Claver, leads many to regard them as an association of lay people, but they are Religious, living in Community. Beyond personal sanctification, they have but one aim: aid to the African missions. A major part of that help consists of printing catechisms and other religious books in African languages and dialects for the use of African missionaries. Of course, aid to Africa does not stop there.

When I first visited them I arrived in time for Mass and was shown a prie-dieu in a room opening upon the chapel. As I knelt, there stood on a table at my right a black wooden idol, rusty nails and spikes driven into it at every angle, and wearing a couple of feathers on its head.

Each nail represents a human sacrifice. The nails

were put there by witch doctors, each driven in appeasement of evil spirits, who were thus notified that a victim would be sacrificed. Usually this intent is accomplished by natural means, such as poison; but the hell of it is—the expression being used advisedly and literally—that sometimes a victim's death cannot be so explained. The Sisters have been told, for instance, about the case of a woman in an African mission hospital! She had entered with a slight illness, and was now about to be released. Suddenly she exclaimed, "I am going to die. Someone has driven a nail into an idol." She died in a few hours.

Challenging the hideous thing, light from the newly risen sun poured itself through a window at my left, painting the varnished floor with gold. It may have been a distraction—I don't think it was—though I fell behind in my missal as I looked at the diabolical object at my right. Here was the symbol of the superstition, paganism, and devil worship that gave the Sodality of St. Peter Claver the reason for its existence. Here was the arrogant sign of the



*Hales Corners, Wis. June, 1949.

darkness that Christ was born to dispel. Here was the embodiment of the sin that nailed Christ to the cross, here in the very presence of that same Sacrifice being perpetuated then and there. The Communion bell tinkled, nine Sisters received and in a few moments the priest was imploring St. Michael the Archangel to protect him and the Sisters and me and the African missionaries and their people and the whole world against the malice and snares of the devil, and asking him, by the power of the heavenly host, to thrust into hell Satan and all the other evil spirits who roam the world seeking the ruin of souls.

Immediately after Mass and Benediction, the Sisters went to breakfast. Father William J. Walsh, who had said the Mass, and I were breakfast guests, at a separate table in a large room, half of which was being used for storage.

The Sisters were in the midst of moving to a new house, another historic St. Paul residence, at 104 N. Mississippi River Blvd., on the high east bank of the Mississippi river. I supposed the convent was so cold because the Sisters did not wish to put in a supply of fuel at the old home. That was before I read the life of their foundress, Mary Theresa, Countess Ledóchowska. She wished all members of the Sodality to have the necessities of life; she nevertheless practiced the utmost economies, relinquishing many comforts lawful in a home, that the money thus saved could be sent to the African missions. Her daughters

in St. Paul were certainly living in the spirit of their holy foundress. With them, shawls and physical activity substituted for coal.

Soon after eight o'clock Sisters Perpetua and Mary Anne led us to the garage, completely equipped as a printing shop. The Sisters hadn't dallied at breakfast. We found the printing Sisters, Sisters Jerome, Thomasina, Genevieve, Ruperta, Adelaide, already on the job, with two volunteer lay women assistants, their hair in snoods, their practical black habits protected by denim printers' aprons.

One was at the linotype, another making up pages in forms, another making ready a big flat-bed press, another at the big trimming machine, another machine-stitching book signatures and copies of the *Echo From Africa* and the *Negro Child*. Each of the Sisters, including Sister Superior Perpetua, can do any job in the shop, although each has her specialty. For instance, Sister Adelaide's domain is the bindery, and Sister Mary Anne handles most of the typing. All take turns at housekeeping chores.

When printers hold a business meeting in the shop in which they work, they call it a chapel meeting. This is a survival from guild days of the Middle Ages. When the printing Sisters hold a conference in their shop, it can truly be called a "chapel" meeting, for there are crucifixes on the walls, a statue of St. Anthony near the entrance, and, in the very center of the shop, a St. Thérèse shrine, with flowers and vigil lights.

Africa, we were made to understand during our visit, is about four times the size of the U. S. Its population is more than 150 million, of whom only about 11 million are Catholics. About 6,000 priests, 3,000 Brothers, and 13,000 Sisters work among the pagans there. The Sisters of the Sodality of St. Peter Claver do not go to Africa themselves; they serve on the home front.

Their foundress, Mary Theresa, was called Mother of the Africans. Born on April 29, 1863, of a noble Polish family, Mary Theresa—sister of the late Superior General of the Jesuits, and sister of still another foundress, of the Ursulines of the Agonizing Heart of Jesus—was educated carefully. When 22 she became lady-in-waiting at the court of the Grand Duchess Alice of Tuscany. After reading Cardinal Lavigerie's conferences on slavery, she began to write on behalf of the African missions. When she left the court, she gathered around her a small group of courageous women, and founded in 1894 the Sodality of St. Peter Claver for the African Missions.

She worked feverishly to make known to the world the atrocities committed in Africa against the wretched victims of the slave trade. She told especially of the bondage of native women, little more than beasts of burden. To further expose the abominable traffic in human bodies and souls she published in nine European languages the *Echo From Africa* and the *Negro Child*. She wrote many articles, appeals, and pamphlets to enkindle the missionary spirit, and held hundreds

of conferences in different countries. She died in 1922 in Rome, where she is buried; many favors have been attributed to her, and the cause for her beatification has been introduced.

Her two magazines today serve the Sisters in raising funds for the African missions. They contain letters written by the missionaries themselves.

As far as possible, none of the missionaries is left unaided. They ask help for mission stations, churches, schools, orphanages, hospitals; to support catechists, catechumens, or seminarians; to ransom unhappy girls and women desiring Baptism but sold to pagans; to buy food for the poor. They ask for vestments, sacred vessels, or books and catechisms. The Sisters also receive and forward to Africa all kinds of clothing, new—and used, if clean and good enough to pay freight on. They collect jewelry and cancelled stamps, which they convert into cash. In their spare time they make and repair rosaries, and for this purpose are glad to receive beads and beaded bags. They do not refuse new rosaries, either.

During her own lifetime, the foundress was able to send to the African missions \$1,300,000, besides numerous other gifts of every description. Since its foundation in 1894, the Sodality has printed and sent free of charge to the needy missions about 2 million books in 200 languages and dialects.

In St. Paul alone, in the ten years they have been there, the Sisters have printed and sent out about 20,000 books in more than 40 languages. Typical was a printing of 5,000 cate-

chisms in large type in the Kipsigis language. None of the Sisters, of course, can read Kipsigis, but the missionary was in such a hurry he did not even bother to read the proofs before the book was printed. In another instance, a catechism was printed in Lingala. As soon as the missionary received the first 5,000 copies, he asked for 5,000 more. The printing of such books is in addition to countless leaflets and pamphlets, the *Echo*, in English, German, French, Spanish, Dutch Portuguese, and Italian, and the *Negro Child*, as well as a life of Mary Theresa Ledóchowska, also in various languages. The life was written by Valeria Bielak, companion of the foundress, and directress general since 1947, when Mother Mary Falkenhagen, the foundress' immediate successor, resigned because of old age.

At present, the Sodality, one of the newer institutes in the Church, has only 200 members, of which 25 are in the U. S., at houses in St. Louis, New Brunswick, N. J., and St. Paul. Each was a result of a tour of America made in 1914 by the present Mother Valeria. The St. Paul foundation was due to the benevolence, appropriately enough, of a local Negro priest, Father Theobald, who willed his home to the Sodality. The nine St. Paul Sisters form a small United Nations; they come from Austria, Switzerland, Germany, France, and Poland. Brave women! Needless to say, they welcome vocations: the Order now has one American postulant.

As Sister Perpetua showed me the

grounds, we came upon a piece of crating that impeded our progress. She was apologetic, but explained that there were things to be done much more urgent than moving the crate. For instance, there was the preparation of a shipment of tools and army-surplus tents to an African missionary who was opening a new mission station, and had nothing. The tents would shelter him from bugs and sun and rain for the time being. They were all packed, weighed, and tagged for British East Africa, and were being held until a priest could come to bless them. That's a thing they never neglect; everything that is shipped from St. Mary's Mission House must first be blessed by a priest.

That, I suppose, is one of the reasons why the missionaries who receive help from them are making such inroads on the domains of the witch doctors in the Dark Continent. News accounts tell that the Church is today making its greatest progress in Africa; that more conversions are taking place there than in all the rest of the world. And letters pour in to the Sisters from missionaries with thanks for paying salaries of catechists; for the two tabernacles, two ciboriums, and four chalices they were able to send last year; for help in setting up new mission outposts. Among the letters that gave them greatest joy was one from Msgr. Lucas Puerstinger, O.F.M., administrator apostolic of Kokstad vicariate. "You," he wrote to the Sisters, "with your help during the trying years of the war, saved our vicariate."

He loved justice and hated iniquity; therefore he perished



Before

Mindszenty the Martyr

By BELA FABIAN

Condensed from a book*



After

ONLY by telling the facts of my own life can I explain my admiration for Cardinal Mindszenty.

I was born in 1889, in the community of Tallya, a center of the famous Tokay wine-growing district of Hungary. My parents were God-fearing, religious Jews and, true to my heritage and early religious training, I have always remained a member of the Jewish congregation. My undying admiration for Joseph Mindszenty is based solidly upon the love of human freedom and honesty which we have both held throughout our lives. It is rooted deeply in our common fight against the forces of reaction and darkness, which, in wave after wave, have assailed our sorrowing country. Mindszenty, a Prince Primate of the Catholic Church, and I, a Jew whose life has been spent in politics, have always worshiped the same God.

After I received my degree I became a law clerk in the office of Dr. William Vazsony, leader of the Democratic party of Hungary, and later minister of justice.

But my law work was early inter-

rupted by the 1st World War. As an officer in the Hungarian army I was taken prisoner by the Russians in the spring of 1915 and confined in a camp at Tashkent. There I learned the Russian language and, though I was well treated as an officer, first became acquainted with the brutality of which Russian prison-camp officials were capable.

Most prisoners of war in Russia looked forward to the Russian revolution as a great democratic victory which would at last bring the huge eastern empire into cooperation with western civilization. Soon we learned what the communist victory really meant, and saw growing before our eyes a power which was the exact opposite of democracy.

Early in 1918, I escaped from Krasnaya Ryeckka, and, constantly in hiding, struggled 5,000 miles through country torn by civil war, mass brutality, and destruction, to Leningrad. Finally reaching Hungary, I returned to Budapest, appalled by what Russian communism would mean to the free world.

In 1920 I was elected executive

**Cardinal Mindszenty*. Copyright, 1949, by Charles Scribner's Sons, N. Y. City.

member of the Budapest Municipal council and in 1922 was sent to the Hungarian Parliament by the Budapest suburban district on the Independent Democratic ticket. For 17 straight years I represented my party thus and, in 1928, I was made president of it.

THROUGHOUT the period which ended with the engulfment of Europe by nazism I continued my fight in and out of Parliament against both huge centers of totalitarian aggression, Germany and Russia.

When the Germans invaded Hungary in 1944, all Hungarian democratic politicians were immediately arrested. I was the only one who was not deported to Mauthausen, Austria. At the special request of my greatest political enemy, the Hungarian nazi undersecretary of home affairs, I was sent to Auschwitz with its mass-devouring gas chambers. But later I was transferred, first to Oranienburg, then to Sachsenhausen, and then to Ohrdruf. From Ohrdruf I escaped in March, 1945, with three comrades, hid for ten days in the forest of Thuringia, and finally crept through the German lines to find refuge with Patton's American army. Thus I know at first hand the evils against which Mindszenty fought. I first met him when he was Joseph Pehm, the Abbé of Zalaegerszeg, leading the fight against nazism in western Hungary.

The cardinal could have run away and worked for the liberation of Hungary from abroad. Instead, he chose

martyrdom—not merely the martyrdom of death, but a deeper, more bitter sort. He knew that he would be tortured in prison, that his will power would be paralyzed by drugs, and his meager physical strength broken down. He knew that they would degrade the man and the priest in him, but in degradation, he felt, he could show the world as in no other way what product the mills of the Russian police grind out. He knew his own reputation as a strong man. His martyrdom was to be one of the most convincing messages of modern times. It was to say, "This is what happens to a strong man behind the Iron Curtain. What must happen to the weak if the march of barbaric communism is not halted?"

Mindszenty was made a bishop and moved to Veszprem in March, 1944, a few days before the German invasion. Immediately he began to make use of his new position to fight the nazis and stop persecution of the Jews.

Bela Varga, a parish priest from near-by Somogy, and vice-president of the Smallholders party, was in Boglar. Immediately upon entering Budapest, the Germans went to the Polish office, where Varga spent most of his time. His name was high on the list of those whom they wished to eliminate. Failing to find him there, they massacred the whole staff.

Varga went by night to Mindszenty in Veszprem. They considered possible hiding places, and decided at once that the episcopal palace of Veszprem was too much before the eyes of the

Gestapo. At first, Mindszenty wanted to hide Varga in the forest of the Bakony mountains, at Farkasgyepu, at the house of a forester. Finally they agreed that a better place was Homokkomarom, where the episcopate had a house, outside the village, on the ground floor of which parish offices were located. The furniture was removed from the top floor to make it seem unoccupied, and Varga moved in under cover of darkness. For seven months he stayed there, only occasionally venturing out at night. The parish priest brought him food and news.

FROM him he heard of the advance of the Russian troops to the very border of Hungary in August. He learned of Horthy's dismissal of the nazi tool, Sztojay, and his setting up of a new government under General Lakatos. He heard, with growing excitement, of the entry of Russian troops into Hungary on Oct. 7, of Hungary's surrender on Oct. 15, of the German army's repudiation of the surrender, their removal of Horthy, and their installation as premier, Ferenc Szalasi, leader of the Arrow-Cross party.

On Nov. 1, 1944, the Jesuit Father Eugen Kerkai, a former pupil and a confidant of Mindszenty, appeared at Varga's hiding place.

"The bishop has sent me with a message," he said. "He requests your Reverence to go immediately to Budapest to re-establish all your underground connections, in order to save the Jews of the city."

Bela Varga, who had grown as thin

as a skeleton, made excuses. "Tell his Eminence that I am unable to do so. Ten years of fighting have tired me. Seven months in hiding have exhausted me. I do not feel strong enough to fulfill this task. His Eminence must send some other priest. I'll supply him with instructions and tell him how to establish connections with all the underground forces."

"The bishop believes that only you are capable of fulfilling this task. Jews and Christians equally trust your Reverence."

"The Lord is my witness, I do not feel fit. I do not want to shirk from this duty, but I am weak."

Kerkai left, but after four days he reappeared. "I bring the bishop's order," he said. "His Reverence does not request his friend, he orders the priest of his diocese! Your Reverence will leave Homokkomarom tonight. The bishop's car will wait for you in Nagykanizsa. I have brought false papers of identification for you. You will come along with me to Veszprem, where you will receive your orders at the bishop's place. On this same night you will go to Budapest."

Both having changed from ecclesiastical clothing to that of ordinary citizens, Varga and Kerkai left the lonely dwelling in Homokkomarom, and drove by horse and carriage to Nagykanizsa where, in the courtyard of the parish, Mindszenty's car was waiting for them.

THEY arrived by night. Mindszenty was expecting them. His first word

was a warning. "Take care. All my movements are being watched. It seems I will be next now. Your Reverence cannot linger here. The car will take you to Budapest, where you are expected. You will visit every cloister, every Religious house, all parishes and churches. All Religious institutions must throw open their doors to the Jews. They all must get false Christian papers. I know, your Reverence, those who hide Jews are sentenced to death. But we must fulfill our duties."

"Does your Reverence believe that I have not fulfilled mine?"

"No one better than you," Mindszenty assured him. "But a priest must fulfill his duty every day anew. Yesterday is not enough. Today is not enough. Tomorrow is not enough. Duty must be fulfilled unto death. In Budapest your Reverence will execute commissions in my name and in the name of the Church. You have authority to give orders."

That same night Bela Varga left for Budapest in Mindszenty's car, accompanied by Eugen Kerkai. On the outskirts of Budapest, they began to meet groups of Jews being driven westward like herds of cattle by Gestapo men. Miserable old people, girls, women, children—all had small bundles on their backs and in their hands.

Kerkai woke Varga, who had been dozing. "Your Reverence! Do you see the children's eyes?" Marching between the lines of the Gestapo, some of the children held the hands of their mothers, others dragged themselves along alone, through the chill, foggy,

November morning, their eyes staring in terror. "Lord Eternal!" cried Varga, and grasped Kerkai's hand. "Don't let us come too late! We are already too late for these."

From this moment, says Varga, he became his old self, animated by the vigor which had made the nazis consider him their first enemy in Hungary. He set up his headquarters at a Jesuit house. Jacob Reile, the prior (now teaching at the Jesuit College in Boston), became his first lieutenant.

"How many Jews will the cellar of the monastery hold?" Varga asked.

"A hundred and fifty."

"Where are the Jews who are in the greatest danger at the moment?"

"The Gestapo has headquarters at the corner of Kossuth Lajos and Semmelweis Sts. This section is full of Jews. These should be saved quickly, or it will be too late for them. I have here in the house a German officer who has deserted and is in hiding. He will help us."

The next day, by a faked order signed by the German officer, the Jews were brought away from the Gestapo and installed in the basement of the monastery.

SUDDENLY the Jews seemed to have disappeared from the streets of Budapest, as if at a wave from the energetic, magical hand of Bela Varga. Parish houses, other monasteries, convents accepted them without question. They informed all those whom they could reach where an asylum waited for them. In cloisters or convents, in the

vaults of churches, or in belfries, they found refuge.

One evening in the middle of November, 1944, Mindszenty appeared at the Jesuit monastery, where he knew that he would find Bela Varga, to see him for what might be the last time. "Your Reverence, I thank you," he said to Varga. "I know that you will go on whether you hear from me again or not. Tomorrow I go back to Veszprem, where I shall probably be arrested. The nazis are waiting their chance." Stay here, your Reverence," Varga pleaded. "Do not risk it."

"Rome can soon find another bishop if I die," Mindszenty answered, "but it will be hard to find followers if today we run away from danger. Believers are born through martyrdom." He returned to Veszprem.

DR. FERENC SCHIBERNA, a lawyer and a leader in the Arrow-Cross party, had been made prefect of Zala county when the Arrow-Cross seized power on Oct. 15, 1944. No decent citizen cared to know him. He was a man who, in the littleness of his dwarfed soul, sought, through hatred and persecution, to debase everyone to his own level. He was a bitter enemy of the old order, and of the Jews.

The few Jews left in Veszprem trembled. One of them, Mrs. Janos Peter, had been told to seek protection with Mindszenty. We have her story of what happened. She was warmly welcomed by the bishop, who hid her in the basement, where she found 25 other Jews. Every day Minds-

zenty himself brought food to them, not trusting even members of his own staff. But somehow the news leaked out, fanning to white heat the rat-like rage of Schiberna.

Meanwhile, Veszprem was under attack. Every day Russian bombs dropped on it. Every house was a lodging-place for nazi soldiers. Even the bishop's palace, with the exception of his own apartment and a few rooms in the seminary for student priests, had been taken over by the nazis. And of course the cellar. No nazi was allowed to enter that until after the bishop had been removed.

On Nov. 27, 1944, Schiberna decided that the time had come to humiliate Mindszenty, who had rejected the order to hold a thanksgiving service when the Arrow-Cross government took power. With the bishop out of the way he would be able also to take the Jews that were hiding in the cellar. He went to the palace and demanded more space for nazi billets. Finding none, he said that the students must get out.

Mindszenty was not present, having turned the matter over to counselor Robert Megyesi-Schwartz and the superintendent of the house, Szabolcs Szabadhegy. When these two told Schiberna that the bishop refused to give up more space, they were promptly arrested.

At this Mindszenty himself appeared. "I demand that you release my two priests," he said, "and leave at once."

"Only with you," Schiberna retort-

ed. "Your Reverence is also under arrest." Mindszenty asked whether he had a warrant, and Schiberna, having none, left hurriedly to get one. Somewhat cowed by the bishop's attitude, he now phoned to the nazi commander for reinforcements. The commander refused to furnish them, saying that this was a job which would have to be done by the civil government, and Schiberna now ordered out a platoon of police.

The news spread throughout the city and when Schiberna returned to the bishop's palace he found the streets crowded with people who had come out, in spite of the Russian bombs which were falling on the city, to protest against the arrest of their bishop.

WITHIN the palace the frail figure of the bishop was surrounded by 25 of his priests. The 16 policemen whom Schiberna had brought with him, all members of Mindszenty's diocese, hung their heads, unwilling to meet his eyes. There was a moment of silent tension, and then Mindszenty turned and slowly left the room. The prefect with some of his policemen started to follow, but the unarmed, black-clad priests silently closed ranks and barred the way. In a few moments Mindszenty reappeared, this time clad in full bishop's vestments and, followed by his priests, left the palace and walked down the steps.

Before the palace, a car stood waiting to drive him to police headquarters, but Mindszenty refused to enter it, saying that he would rather walk.

When they tried to force him into the car, the young priests again surrounded their bishop and pushed the policemen out of the way. One of them ran to the car, released the brake and gave it a push so that it rolled away down the incline of the drive. Defeated, the policemen followed, rather than led, as Mindszenty started with his priests to police headquarters. It looked more like a triumphal procession than an arrest. All along the way people knelt on the sidewalks while Mindszenty, Bishop of Veszprem, walked to his prison, his head high and giving his blessing right and left. At the town hall the crowds filled the street from curb to curb, stopping the procession. Again Schiberna telephoned to the nazis asking them to come and disperse the crowd with tear gas, but again they refused. Finally the crowd parted to allow the bishop, his priests, and the policemen to go through. At the entrance to the prison, he paused, turned, and saying, "This is my last benediction," blessed them all. Even the policemen who had arrested him fell on their knees to receive his blessing.

With the bishop safely lodged in jail, Schiberna hurried back to the palace to take the Jews. Every nook and cranny of the cellar was searched, but not a person could be found. Mindszenty, as well as Schiberna, had his sources of information. Having learned that the prefect would arrive on that day, the bishop had quietly removed his guests during the night. The story was told by Mrs. Janos Peter

in Vienna in January, 1949. Two days later, nazi soldiers again appeared at the monastery, and all in the palace were ordered to the dining room just as dinner was being brought in.

"Which of you took part in the street demonstration the day before yesterday?" the commander of the nazis asked. Every priest in the room raised his hand.

"You are all under arrest," the commander shouted. And they, too, were taken to the prison. As they were leaving the dining room, one of the priests snatched off the table a casserole filled with "friars ears" and tucked it under his robe, so that they would have at least this much to eat in prison. Since then "friars ears" (ravioli filled with plum jam), has been served at the monastery every Nov. 29.

It was not until the following day, Nov. 30, that the official order for Mindszenty's arrest was issued.

THE charges made against Mindszenty by the nazis in 1944 bear a shocking resemblance to those made by the communists in 1949. He was charged with treason because of a letter from Tibor Eckhardt to Bela Varga (which Varga had sent to Mindszenty), in which Eckhardt urged Hungarians to hold out to the end in resistance to the nazis. He was charged with an "offense" against the person of the head of the state and with the hoarding of merchandise. The latter charge was based on the finding of 1,800 suits of underwear which had been stored in the basement

of the bishop's house. This clothing had been a contribution to the bishop's relief organization at Christmas, 1944. Letters from the firms and persons who gave it confirm the statement. But their evidence was rejected and Mindszenty was condemned to be kept in custody indefinitely.

But Mindszenty continued to carry out his role as a bishop. Ten theology students ready to be ordained were with him in prison and Mindszenty proceeded with the ordination, celebrating Mass at an improvised altar in one of the prison corridors.

Following this, he was removed to Sopron-Hohida, a convict prison in western Hungary. A few days later he found a note lying on his bed which told him that he would be set free at once if he would sign a declaration of his support of the nazis. He refused, and remained in prison. Later he was visited secretly by Peter Horwath, secretary of the Christian Association, and by my friend, Mr. Hajdu-Nemeth, one of the leaders of the Hungarian peasants, who offered to help him escape.

"If the nazis are planning to deport me," he said, "I should like to try to escape. If they are not, I shall take my chances on being released in the ordinary course of events. In any case I prefer to stay in Hungary near my people." Released from prison in April, 1945, Mindszenty and his secretary walked to Veszprem.

WHEN the communist-dominated government took control of Hungary,

disorder, violence, and bloodshed spread throughout the country. Mindszenty at once recognized the Russian regime as only another and more vile form of totalitarianism.

The Churches—and especially the Roman Catholic and Presbyterian Churches—were the repository of Hungarian traditions of freedom and unity. Differing as they did in religious creed, they yet presented a common front against any threat to the freedom of the people, and often, through this, rallied the nation to a moral recovery. Religious differences were forgotten in times of crisis; the Churches stood for freedom and righteousness against all challenges; Catholic, Jew, and Protestant stood shoulder to shoulder in a common cause. Thus it was during the Nazi invasion, when Catholic and Protestant leaders made a common denunciation of Nazi methods, and became ecclesiastical centers of resistance as well as refuges for the persecuted of whatever faith. So it was after the Nazis left and the Russians came in. As far as the Churches were concerned, any attack against religion was an attack against individual freedom. Knowing this, having known it for centuries, the Hungarian people were fully in support of the Churches and accepted their leadership.

Not even in Russia had the Church been as serious a barrier to communist rule as it was in Hungary. The communists could not attack the Churches without losing popular support for their regime. So, instead of a direct

attack, they tried to keep up an air of religious neutrality, while undermining the power of the Churches in insidious ways.

By early 1946 it had become clear that Mindszenty was the Russians' "Enemy No. 1" in Hungary. But so thoroughly did he have the support of the democratic forces of the country that political barriers to an open attack against him had to be removed as a first step. The Smallholders party had to be strangled, partly through planting communists in it. The Social Democratic party had to be liquidated. The united Communist party had to be set up, and all members of national and local government brought to a strict line of party obedience.

The press and radio both in Hungary and abroad were ready and powerful weapons in the fight against the cardinal. Everywhere one read and heard that Mindszenty was a reactionary, an anti-Semite, a feudalism, an opponent of the land reform, and in every way an enemy of the Hungarian people.

There was no doubt in Mindszenty's mind as to his eventual arrest, imprisonment, and perhaps death, at the hands of the communists. The only question was when it would happen. He wanted his position to be made clear to his people. In his last pastoral letter, given at Esztergom in November, 1948, he said, "I am still facing calmly the artificially whipped-up waves. Around the rock where I stand guarded by grace and trust of the Holy See, the raging tides of history are not

unknown. Two of my predecessors fell on the field of honor. Two others had all their possessions confiscated. John Vitez was thrown into prison. Marinuzzi was assassinated by the hirelings of the mighty. Pazmany, the greatest of them all, was banished. Ambrus Karoly fell a victim to contagious disease while visiting and tending the sick. But none of my predecessors were so without means of defense as I am. All 78 of them together were not compelled to face so many stubbornly repeated untruths as I am. I stand for God, Church, and my country. This historic duty is bestowed upon me by the service of my people—the most orphaned people in the world. When compared to the sufferings of my country, my own fate is unimportant. I am not accusing my accusers. If, from time to time, I must cast a light upon conditions, it is only a revelation of my country's surging pain, its welling tears, its truth crucified. I pray for a world of justice and brotherly love; I pray for those, too, who, in the words of my Master, know not what they do. I forgive them with all my heart."

NO ONE knew better than Mindszenty what went on at 60 Andrassy St., to which he knew he would be taken after his arrest. All of Hungary's complaints during those days had found their way to him. He had talked personally with many of the victims of the NKVD who had later been released.

He knew the secrets of the rubber-

padded cells. He knew how victims were made to stand upright with faces turned to the wall for hours, and sometimes for days, until they collapsed. He knew how they were made to drink salt water. He knew how they were starved for days and then made to watch others feasting. He knew the effect of hours of staring into strong electric lights, of short-wave electrical treatment, and of the use of drugs. He knew of the dead bodies which were secretly carried by night out of 60 Andrassy St.

He knew the story of the famous wrestler who during the first days of his imprisonment shook off his torturers as a Carpathian bear would shake off dogs, and how the same man, a few days later, became a puppet in the hands of his torturers and a spy for the NKVD.

The communists had to strike down Cardinal Mindszenty of Hungary as their most striking example. In other captive countries of eastern Europe the governments quickly revealed themselves as communist. In Hungary they had to keep up the appearances of a coalition government for a long time.

Look at the election figures. In 1945 the Communist party received only 17% of the votes; in 1947, even after using every fraud they could think of, they received only 21%. Not until after the 1947 elections were the opposition parties disbanded. Nowhere behind the Iron Curtain has there been more open opposition to the Communist party than in Hungary. The

communists felt it unwise to throw out legal political forms too soon. The façade of a coalition government was kept long after Hungary was actually ruled by communists.

The best account we have of Mindszenty's arrest and imprisonment up to the time of the trial comes from a Hungarian police official who was stationed at 60 Andrassy St. until Jan. 15, 1949. Unable longer to stand the things he was forced to see, and the duties given him, he escaped to Austria. His statement follows. "On the first day of Christmas the State Defense Authority ordered a strict readiness for its officers; even leaves had to be canceled. Everybody had to report to 60 Andrassy St. Here Lieut.-Col. Gyula Decsi told us that the time had come for finally settling the Mindszenty question. On Dec. 26 a long line of motor cars started to Esztergom to arrest the cardinal. His behavior was formal and courageous. He bade farewell to his mother, saying, 'Don't cry, mother, your son will die for the freedom of our people.'

"SIXTEEN police officers carried out Mindszenty's arrest. All were supplied with light automatic rifles. In Budapest the cardinal was taken to the second floor of 60 Andrassy St. During the first three days the cardinal was treated politely and correctly. The quizzing began on the fourth day. Three interrogators took turns, each handing over his notes, as he was relieved, to the next. Lieut.-Col. Decsi led the quizzing in person and the

first hearing took 82 hours without rest for Mindszenty. They did not beat him but he had to stand the whole time. The cardinal's first collapse came about when his closest friends were brought before him weeping and covered with their own blood. His secretary, Andrew Zakar, had been frightfully tortured by the secret police. He was on the verge of madness and laughed hysterically at every question. 'I'll say anything you want me to!' Zakar screamed repeatedly when he was again quizzed in Mindszenty's presence.

"On the fifth day of the quizzing Mindszenty became unconscious. The police doctor who was present brought him to with the 'stimulant pills' (probably actedron) dissolved in water. The cardinal's resistance broke and he gave the answers which his torturers wished to hear. It is a fact that the hand of Mindszenty wrote the confession which the Hungarian government published on the first page of the *Yellow Book*. Up to the time when the pills given by the police completely broke his will, leaving him with a violent headache, total dullness and tormenting thirst, his resistance had been heroic. The police officers themselves called him their toughest case.

"Zakar, Prince Eszterhazy and other collaborators of the cardinal had at first been taken to a hotel at 10 Csokonay St., where for two days they lived undisturbed, though without food or drink. On the third day they were brought to the dungeon of 60 Andrassy St. In these dungeons are

18 cells, in each of which two to four persons are kept. Ordinary prisoners are locked up in common cells; their bed is a board without either straw or blanket. Before quizzing they are locked up in solitary cells so low that they cannot stand up but must sit or crouch. From time to time most of the air is pumped out of each cell, leaving only enough so that the prisoner does not quite suffocate. Officers mark with chalk on the outside of the cell door the number of minutes that the air is to be drawn out.

"After this preparation Mindszenty's collaborators received the same stimulant pills as had been given to the cardinal. In such a condition they were ready to sign any kind of confession in order to get back to their ordinary cells.

THE rubber cell is used with exceptionally tough people. This is about as high as a man and is padded with rubber air mattresses. As soon as the prisoner enters the cell, especially strong and brutal guards throw themselves upon him. These wear rubber gloves reaching to their shoulders. As the prisoner receives the first blow he flies against the rubber wall from which he flies back again and is beaten continuously. This kind of mishandling leaves no marks on the outside of the victim's body, but serious internal bleeding generally appears afterward. Police officers who have especially distinguished themselves in these torture proceedings are Col. Gyula Oszko and Maj. Andrew Csapo."

Perhaps the strangest of all the ironies of the Mindszenty trial is the fact that he was arrested, tried and convicted by former nazis, men who had been members of the Hitler gang against whom the most violent vituperation in the communist vocabulary had been uttered.

They were, of course, turncoat nazis, opportunists ready to join any powerful clique while it is in the ascendant in order to obtain power for themselves. The president of the People's Court, Dr. Vilmos Olti, had been a prominent member of the murderous Arrow-Cross party and had served as judge under the nazis as he does now under the communists. He became a member of the Communist party in 1945. The state official who led the investigation, now known as Dr. Martin Bodonyi, was assessor of the military tribunal under the nazi regime. He then called himself Martin Schweitzer. He did not at once become a communist when the Russians marched into Budapest, but quickly gave in to communist pressure and is now a thoroughly "reliable" man by communist standards. Most of the police officers who built up the case against Mindszenty are Hungarians of German ancestry.

The communists welcome no others to the ranks of their police and courts with more eagerness than they do former nazis. These men have already been thoroughly trained in the communists' own methods of coercion. They need much less schooling in the technique of torture and the distortion

of truth than do ordinary citizens. Further, and especially in a country whose people hate nazism as thoroughly as the people of Hungary do, there is always knowledge of their pasts to be used as a club; if they do not obey, their nazi history can be dragged out and they can be exterminated with complete approval of the people.

The liquidation of Mindszenty by the communists has a meaning not only for Hungary and not only for the Catholic Church but for peoples of all faiths throughout the world. Indeed, the communists themselves intended more by it than merely to break the resistance of Hungarian Catholics. It was intended as an example, as conclusive evidence to show what happens

to any freedom-loving opponent of communist rule.

Two photographs of the martyred cardinal are now familiar to the world—the one of a face strong and firm in purpose, the Cardinal Mindszenty before the trial; the other, taken of him in the courtroom, a face tortured and dazed, almost the face of a man under hypnosis. His suffering face revealed in the photographs taken during the trial remains with a clear message for us—the message he wanted to deliver to us: “Do you want the fate of the whole world to be that which has befallen the people behind the Iron Curtain? Shall the face of the world become as the tortured face of Joseph Mindszenty?”

Shall that be the future?



No Questions Asked

SINCE 28% of the Army, 31% of the Navy and 37% of the Marines were Catholic boys, it is quite possible that the unknown soldier, chosen in death to represent all American boys that you and I and the Congressmen Bardens of America might live in security and peace, was a Catholic educated in Catholic schools.

No one knew the name of this young man, his social status, his racial or cultural background, his religion or—the schools he attended. No one seemed to care. No one should care. He was a “child chosen in death to represent all our children.”

Was he instructed and trained in a public school? Maybe. Was he educated in a Catholic, Protestant or Jewish school? Perhaps. But to this day I have heard no complaints, murmurings or mutterings that prayer at a patriotic service meant the union of Church and state.

Nor have I heard of any of the violent, vicious opponents of bus transportation to parochial schools, health services and free nonreligious books for parochial-school children question the educational background of the boy in the flag-draped coffin who received free transportation on the caisson to the catafalque in Central Park for the prayerful veneration of all Americans and all America!

Cardinal Spellman in an address to the Bronx Nocturnal Adoration Society at Fordham University (N.C.W. C., 20 June '49).

Books of Current Interest

[Any of which can be ordered through us. If you wish to order direct from publisher, addresses given are adequate.]

ABBOT MARMION; *an Irish Tribute*. Edited by the Monks of Glenstal. Westminster, Md.: Newman Press. 140 pp., ports. \$2.75. On life and writings of renowned author of *Christ the Life of the Soul*; called the first Irishman in centuries to pen a major spiritual classic.

BURTON, Katherine. THE NEXT THING; *Autobiography and Reminiscences*. New York: Longmans. 246 pp. \$3. Popular writer on Americans who have found their way into the Church tells about her own conversion.

DENOMY, Alexander J. THE HERESY OF COURTLY LOVE. New York: McMullen. 92 pp. \$1.50. 12th-century troubadours set the pattern for modern romantic love literature. Influenced by Arabic philosophy, they taught that illicit sensual love is ennobling; at the same time they extolled Christian purity, its exact opposite.

GILSON, Etienne. BEING AND SOME PHILOSOPHERS. Toronto: Pontifical Institute of Medieval Studies. 219 pp. \$3.50. Much fine-spun thought has held actual existence to be of little moment in beings it contemplates. St. Thomas held closer to a world of real things. Tough but meaty tract.

HANKE, Lewis. THE SPANISH STRUGGLE FOR JUSTICE IN THE CONQUEST OF AMERICA. Philadelphia: U. of Pa. Press. 217 pp., illus. \$3.50. Monarchs bent on extending their domains take time out to ask theologians whether they had a right even to be in the Indians' western world, or demand obedience from them.

MENSTER, William J. STRONG MEN SOUTH. Milwaukee: Bruce. 206 pp. \$2.75. High adventure into the Antarctic with Admiral Byrd, told by the expedition's chaplain; where men met penguins and the midnight sun, and frail ships ran from icebergs; the dedication of a new continent.

MESSNER, J. SOCIAL ETHICS; *Natural Law in the Modern World*. St. Louis: Herder. 1,018 pp. \$10. Right and wrong in common living extending from the family to the world federation of nations. Fresh synthesis on social problems arising from economic, political or blood groupings.

MINDSZENTY, Joseph Cardinal. THE MOTHER. St. Paul: Radio Replies Press. 160 pp., illus. \$2.95. Eloquent, penetrating description of woman's vocation in the family circle.

RAYMOND, M., O.C.S.O. PURNT OUT INCENSE. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. 457 pp. \$3.50. Trappist author tells the 100-year story of Gethsemani abbey in Kentucky. Vivid and dramatic history, dominated by the heroic characters of Gethsemani's abbots.

SAVETH, Edward N. AMERICAN HISTORIANS AND EUROPEAN IMMIGRANTS, 1875-1925. New York: Columbia U. Press. 244 pp. \$3. Historians of Anglo-Saxon stock were anxious about the 19th-century immigrant as a threat to living standards and political order; descendants of the new peoples saw only heroes among their forefathers.

TALBOT, Francis X., S.J. SAINT AMONG THE HURONS. New York: Harper. 351 pp. \$3.75. Sanctity on a grand scale; Father Brébeuf—they scalded him and seared him with hot tomahawks, and cut his flesh from him, and ate it, but found no weakness in him.



For Your Journey

THE CATHOLIC DIGEST has scored in one test of a good magazine. GI's used to tell about dog-eared, frayed, sometimes almost illegible copies still making the rounds of army camps. They found them when they broke into fortress Europe, mute witnesses of the desires of thousands to know of the world outside. And sometime, here or hereafter, when iron curtains rise, we'll hear again of courage and faith fortified by such mute couriers.

That is why one letter from a subscriber is so inspiring. She writes: "I only wish words could express how much each issue of the CATHOLIC DIGEST has meant to me. Since March I have put old and current copies in a rack in the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Station waiting room. They are always taken." What better guide book into time or eternity?